FRANCE Francs 36, ITALY Lire 6400,
AUSTRIA AS 65, SWITZERLAND
Francs 6.2, GERMANY DM 16,
NETHERLANDS Gld 9.9, SPAIN Ptas 700

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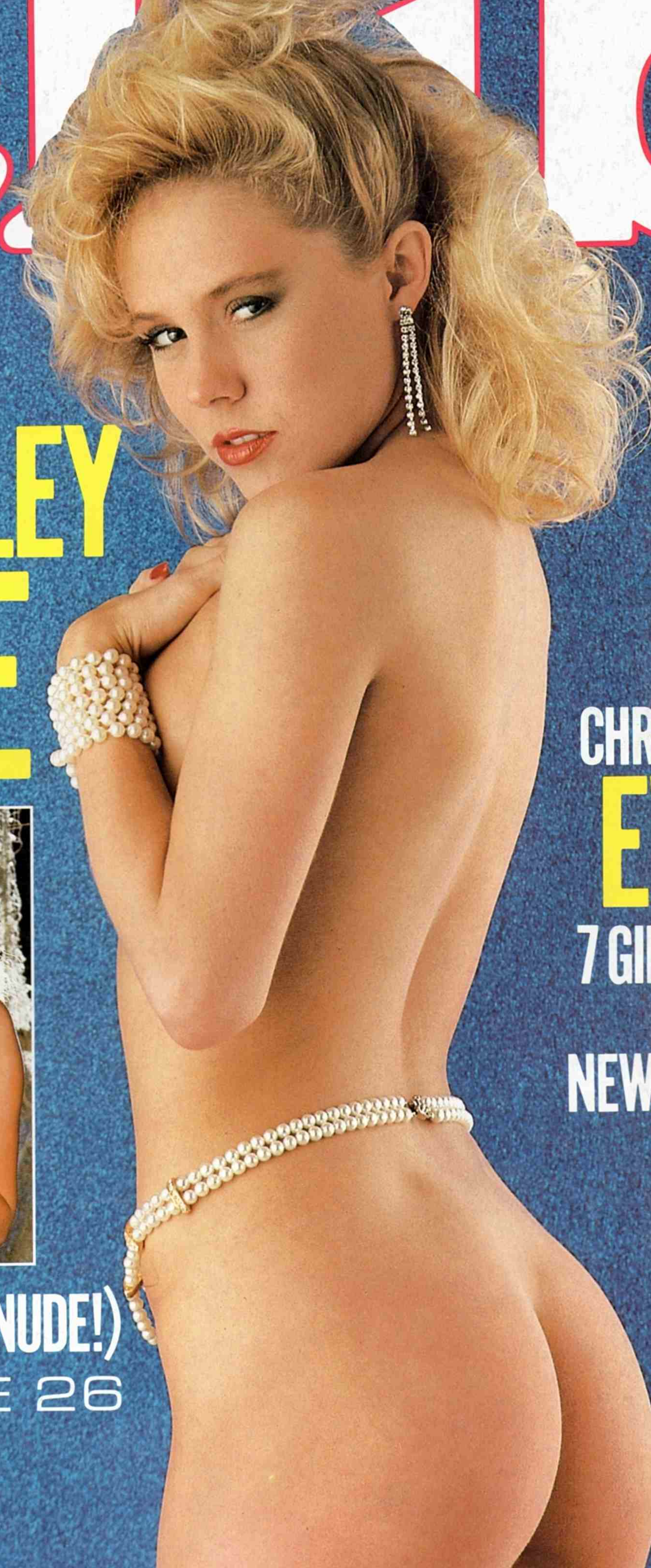

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BACK BY DEMAND!

LU VARLEY NUDE

(AND WE MEAN NUDE!)
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NEW YEAR'S DAY U2:
4 MEN WITH A MISSION

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WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMATE

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WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROO… …MATE

PUBLIE·PAR·PAUL·RAYMOND
CLUB
POUR HOMMES
CONTES DE FEE ET NANAS DELUREES
REVEILLON FRIPON ET FAUX JETONS
BOWIE, DEMME, GROOVIES: UNE ANNEE BIEN REMPLIE
MINITEL
3615 CPH

WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENC… …GA GROOVY STABLEMATE

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. . . but the Event *girls aren't*

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TEASE!

THIS · MONTH · IN · CLUB

The scene: a flat in Central London. The floor is covered in bottles and wrapping paper. The walls are covered with spilt lager. A hairy leg sticks out of a tangle of bedclothes. Its owner snores loudly. It is midday.

"Zzzzzzzzzzzzz . . ."

Ring ring!

"Zzzzzzzzzzzzz . . ."

Ring ring ring!

"Zzzzzzzzzzzzz . . ."

RING BLOODY RING!

Groggy Deputy Editor crawls out of pit, grabs phone.

"Fuckorff."

"It's the Editor speaking."

Dep Ed chokes slightly, holds head.

"Why, Mr Bleach! Lovely to hear from you! Hope you had a good Christmas Day yesterday . . ."

"Yesterday was Boxing Day. I believe you have been asleep for 36 hours. But that is not why I phoned. I have just been reading our latest Club International, in which you – while I was on holiday – promised our readers there would be no mention of Christmas at all."

"Ah, yes . . . the Non-Christmas Special . . ."

"Can you explain the Christmas competitions at the front of the magazine? And the Christmas humour on page 42? And the Christmas games **Club Event** on page 82? And sundry other mentions of festive and yuletide subjects, which occur throughout the pages, including this piece of drivel which you are making up as you go along?"

"Er . . . look, you've caught me at a bad time right now . . ." (*Picks up half-finished can of Tennent's Super, knocks it back, falls over unconscious.*)

Will the hapless Dep Ed regain consciousness? If he does, will he still be Deputy Editor? Find out next month, when there won't be anything about Editors in the magazine at all! ♣

Wanna see what Lu's scarf's hiding? Try page 26

Young Colette here always shaves at Christmas

Bum's the word for our rather, um, different *party on page 82*

As seen by Nikki on page 36

Vicky lies back and thinks of France . . .

. . . while Clara gets a hold of herself

O'REILLY'S BOOK OF RECORDS

Welcome to the special yuletide edition of *O'Reilly's Book of Records,* the column which brings you *exclusive* lies from around the world. In keeping with the merry spirit of the season, we are bringing you a special list of festive feats to boggle the brain and do strange things to the bowels. Included in this Xmas extravaganza will be such records as **THE WORST EVER FAMILY ROW ON BOXING DAY** and **THE STRANGEST EVER PRESENT REQUESTED BY A FOUR-YEAR OLD BOY NAMED EDMUND.**

But first this. **THE WORST CHRISTMAS SINGLE EVER RECORDED** was released in 1981 by the vocal duo Spotty and Dick, two ministers from the First Reformed Church of God the Groover, based in Los Angeles, California. Entitled *Put Up Your Tinsel For Jesus*, the chorus ran as follows:

He's a coming for you, he's a coming for me
So put up the tinsel on your Christmas tree
Let the babies sing out and the church bells chime
'Cos Jesus says, "Hey! Let's have a good time!"

The record was a flop in the USA, though some healthy sales were reported in Torbay. Dick tragically died in 1985 when his 'love bus' was involved in a freeway pileup. Spotty is now a successful Wall Street businessman dealing in mango juice futures.

The record for **THE MOST OBSCENE REMARK EVER MADE DURING THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE** is held by Glaswegian Boz McGlinchey. McGlinchey's mind-boggling profanity contained 13 references to the conventional sexual act, four to bestiality, six to excreta, three to the mammary glands and one to cherry-flavoured Coca-Cola. Out of respect to the monarchy we decline to reproduce it here.

THE LARGEST NUMBER OF TURKEY SANDWICHES EATEN OVER THE CHRISTMAS PERIOD was 496 by an anonymous fat bastard somewhere in Kent.

THE WORST EVER FAMILY ROW ON BOXING DAY took place in 1974 at the semi-detached house of the Strainer family in Berkhamstead. After 32-year-old Mr Strainer, an assistant bought-ledger clerk at a local surgical appliance factory, had secretly finished off all the nicest bits of the turkey, he was attacked with a yule log by his nephew Everard (experts have asserted that Everard had become violent through watching Von Ryan's Express for the 37th time).

As the argument spread through the 11 people in the house at the time 84-year-old grandmother Mrs Ethel Scrummy was set on fire, 11-year-old Grant Strainer had a 13-inch toy robot rammed through his chest and 36-year-old mother of five Mrs Tina Strainer was impaled by a silver imitation Christmas tree from Tesco.

Afterwards Mr Strainer admitted: "We decided to try to break this record to relieve the tedium of our normal family Christmas. We're all flushed with success, and with good training and careful hospital attention we hope to improve on our record next year."

The (coincidentally festive) record for the **WORLD'S MOST UNFORTUNATE NEW ZEALANDER** is held by Arno Stooznik, 23. While walking through his home town of Wellington on a clear and sunny Christmas day, Stooznik was struck dead by an Electrolux vacuum cleaner which fell from the cloudless sky. Experts have been unable to explain the tragic incident.

THE STRANGEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT EVER REQUESTED BY A FOUR-YEAR-OLD BOY NAMED EDMUND was six rolls of super-soft Andrex toilet tissue and a squeegee bottle, requested by master Edmund Wollock of Chiswick, West London. Master Wollock, a keen *Blue Peter* fan, later fashioned these simple ingredients into an Armalite AN-7 automatic rifle and massacred four department-store Father Christmases.

The previous year Wollock had mistakenly been given a *My Little Pony* annual and a set of Gem singing dolls by a Father Christmas at Hamleys. Detectives believe this may have left a mark on his character.

That's all from your O'Reilly Christmas Special. Look out for our New Year Edition next month, which will be even more bloody ludicrous unless they find someone else to write it. It's driving me mad, having to churn this out. Nobody reads this far anyway. Why should I keep up the pretence? I could talk about shagging donkeys down here and nobody would bloody notice. That's it. I'm going. I'm writing poetry from now on, sod this juvenile rubbish.

IN·THE·BAG

We want to hear from you about what you like, what you did, where you did it, how good she was, or anything you reckon we might be interested in. Send your contributions to In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Bums galore

I've just bought Club Vol 16 No 10. Great mag, it's come to life. I didn't buy it before, it was pretentious – dick in the mud – stuffy, and it had no bums in it. I like the following:

(a) New layout, graphics, *Tease*, intro, etc.

(b) We want more bums for posterity (ha, ha). I can't do the competition on page 6. The girl in tennis skirt was in *Razzle* and the pink knickers is a great shot I've not seen in Club before and neither have you.

(c) Have Nikki (she's gorgeous) do some photo preparations for the ice rink. We like to see girls ice-skating.

(d) Big disaster – touch-up artist's smudges on centrespread. He popped his spray gun, or printers shut pages on wet copy – sounds disgusting.

(e) *Talking Blue*, great! The shot up the skirt, page 77 – brilliant!

(f) The copy about lovely girls is sexy and funny, too!

(g) The articles were all interesting.

Someone has a sense of humour and enthusiasm in Raymond Towers. I look forward to next month's. Keep up the good work.

David Marsh, London

Cor bloody hell – a fan! Someone tell the boss. Mind you, David is right about the bums on page 6. We apologize. Art supremo Ian Midson burned nicely – Ed.

Top Ten Corner

1. Pattie Boyd (model)
2. Joanne Whalley (actress)
3. Brigitte Bardot (actress)
4. Marianne Faithfull (singer)
5. Kate Bush (singer)
6. Sandie Shaw (singer)
7. Jane Seymour (actress)
8. Helen Mirren (actress)
9. Francoise Hardy (singer)
10. Dusty Springfield (singer)

Chris, Loughborough

Golden Oldies

I have been buying Club International and other men's magazines for about seven years now, and I'm glad to see that Club is back to the standard of the early 80s, when Fanny was the main photographer.

I often cut out and keep the best photos, which was difficult when the magazine's design used picture overlaps etc, but recently the style has returned to one photo a page, or two/three properly and squarely spaced pictures.

I particularly like features such as *The French Connection, Club Event* and *Club Chance – The French Connection* in Vol 16 No 9 (Melisande) was great. Please bring back Ashley from the same issue – I'd love to stuff my cock up her beautiful cunt and squeeze her tits as she's doing on page 47. The same goes for Club Chancer Maria on page 89 – what a cleavage, definitely one for the scrapbook!

I'd also like to heartily agree with Jack from Middlesex (Vol 16 No 9) on the subject of Kris from Vol 16 No 6. She is one of the most beautiful models you've featured recently, and certainly has one of the most lickable cunts.

Incidentally, am I the only reader to notice that Vol 16 No 8's *French Connection* Nicole and the No 6 model in that issue's *Club Event* are one and the same? So – please bring back the No 5 from that *Club Event*, Ashley, Melisande and Kris, and I'll be very pleased.

Tom, Portsmouth

We'll do our best. Meanwhile, to clear up your query: Vol 16 No 8 featured Nicole in French Connection *and her twin sister Claudette in* Club Event. *Look, it's true, honest . . . – Ed.*

Masturbation Marathon

Hi fellas, it's your super dream nympho whore Tracey here. I'm just writing to say thanks for the most incredible experience a girl could wish for. At 8pm last Monday I started the most gorgeous wank you could ever imagine, and I'm just about capable now of writing to tell you all about it, five days later! I haven't stopped shagging yet boys, God you were good! I hope lots of you did as I asked and went somewhere comfy and wanked as you dreamt of fucking me. I wanked myself rigid as I imagined what you were all doing to me, and didn't stop for nearly three days!

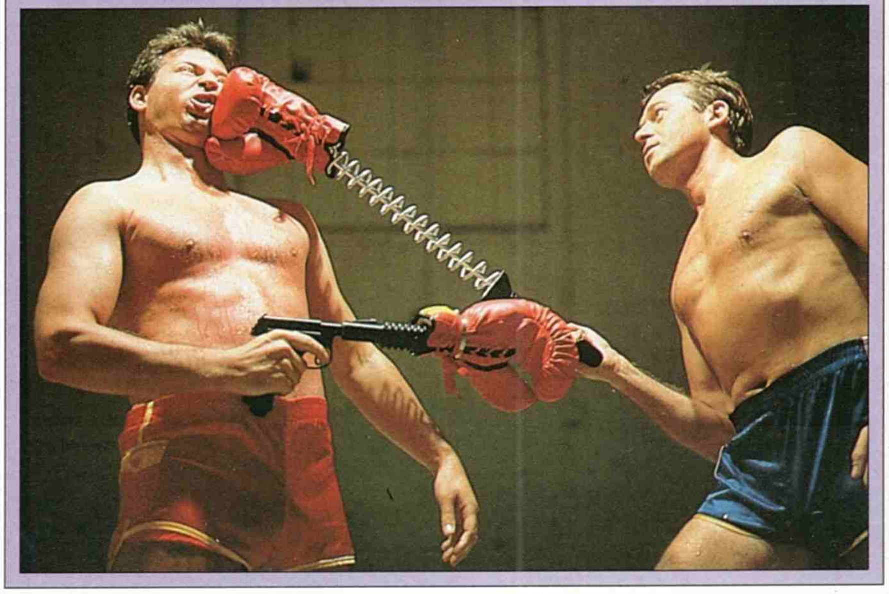
I took myself off to my little room just as I said I would. I was wearing my sexy baby doll nightie and purple lacy knickers, and I hadn't had sex for a week. I was fucking desperate for it, boys.

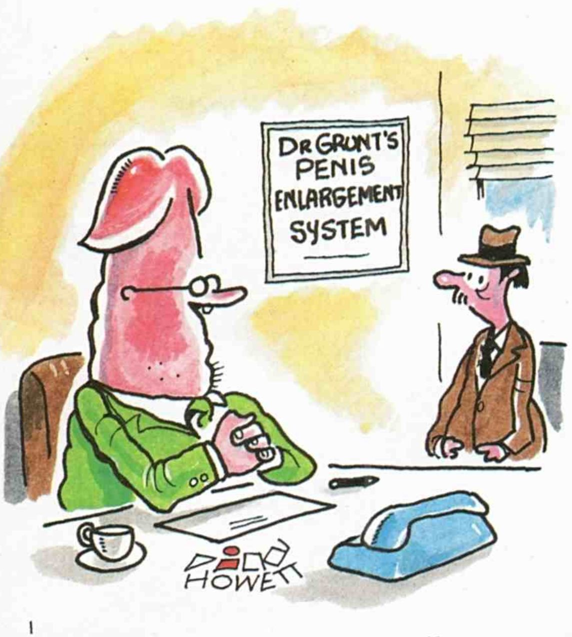
I lay back on my bed, and started to caress my body as my clock reached 8 pm. Now I knew that men all over the country were getting hold of their cocks, and were about to fuck me! Oh how I needed your cocks boys, even I had never been so desperate for a hard screwing. My legs opened wider as I rubbed my little boobs with rock hard nipples. I knew you were all sucking at my tits, and I felt your hands exploring my thighs and pulling my legs apart. I took my baby doll off, and rolled on to my belly on the bed, pressing my crotch hard against the soft quilt. I reached behind me and pulled my panties up into my bum crack, my cunt was dripping juice by now and I imagined your cocks being rubbed against my face. My mouth opened wide to let your cocks right in, except it wasn't your cocks but a dildo – oh for the real thing! I sucked on the dildo as my hands explored my arse cheeks. I pulled the material of my panties harder into my bum crack, still sucking the dildo; oh the things you were doing to me, boys! My legs opened still wider as my cunt made love to the bed now damp between my thighs, I sucked and nibbled on the dildo as my fingers made love to my arse. How I dreamt that your cocks were exploring and hammering into my eager young body.

NUTTER'S CORNER

Boxing isn't good enough for Americans. Well, not for Californians anyway. They've got to have everything high-tec over there. So this guy Phillip Garner invents these "alternative Olympics" and gives each man a gun with a glove attached. They loved it out there. It's labour saving, it doesn't harm the environment, and it still bloody hurts.

All donations to the California Annihilation Fund to this address. ♣




DR GRUNT'S PENIS ENLARGEMENT SYSTEM
DICK HOWETT

1

Of course it works – I use it myself

My panties were ripped off and flung to the floor, and I rolled on to my back. I sucked my juices off my fingers as my dildo began its journey down over my tits to my begging cunt. My left hand groped my beautiful left thigh, and caressed it as I angled the dildo towards my cunt lips with my right hand. This was it, the moment you all fucked young Tracey, your gorgeous dream whore from Lincoln. The dildo slipped in easily, my cunt oiled by the ultimate fantasy; you were all fucking me now. I knew that at that precise moment men all over the place had hold of their cocks, and were dreaming of fucking me. The dildo prodded deeper and harder, as I imagined cock after cock slipping up my fuck hole.

Other cocks were being rubbed over my boobs and face. I took the dildo out and replaced it with four fingers, the dildo being pushed into my mouth. I really love a cock at each end, and wriggled into the doggy position so I could wank myself and suck the dildo easily. I was so hot, I was nearly coming, but managed to hold back a while longer. You all fucked me harder, your cocks nearly meeting in the middle, but Tracey can take anything you want to give! I came and came in the doggy position, sucking and chewing on the dildo as I fingered myself out. Once is never enough for me, but this time I'd set my target at 20 orgasms before I stopped. I didn't know if I could manage it, but I knew you would all make me take it so I kept hard at it.

When I'd stopped coming I rolled on to my back again and put the dildo back into my fanny. I love that, just after a fuck I love another cock to go up me: it is sensitive but so sexy, and really gets me going again. I came again quickly, and remember calling out for you all to fuck me. I used to worry about my flatmates hearing me when I wanked, but now they all know about my sexual habits so I don't care. I'm sure they're jealous of all the cock I get and at least one of them (Debbie) knows about this mass wank. Remember, it was Debbie who read my first desperate virginal letter to Club, and who supplied me with my first cock. Debbie is never exactly short of cock, but I bet she'd like as much as I get. Maybe some Club readers should write and say what they'd like to do to Debbie, as well as me! I'm sure that would turn her on. I must admit that I'd like to fuck Debbie too, and have my first experience of another girl: maybe now it's in print I will! God, I'm hot. Just look what I am doing now that I'm writing about my mass wank-off! Anyway, I mean it, Debbie!

Now back to reality. I took a pillow and put it between my legs, rubbing it into my cunt. I wrapped my legs around it, just like I do to boys, and I came and came and came. The pillow was soaked with my cunt juice so I licked it as I fucked myself doggy style with the dildo

COME AGAIN

the girl you've asked to see

Leather lovers everywhere bombarded us with mail of the "I've-never-seen-such-a-sexy-girl-in-my-life" variety after the appearance of Georgina in Vol 16 No 10. So did bum lovers. And leg lovers. And so, too, did those who like a girl's expression to be hinting at one thing – and one thing only.

Yes, it would certainly be fair to describe 22-year-old Georgie as the girl who has everything – including now a sizeable bundle of letters from awe-struck Club readers.

"To be honest, I did expect to get *some* letters," admits Georgie, "because the pictures turned out really well, and I'd have been a bit miffed if no one had written in to say they'd been turned on by them. But I seriously didn't expect such a huge response: I suppose it just goes to show that Club International readers have exceptional taste!

"But, seriously, I really enjoyed reading the letters. Some of you guys out there have got really *filthy* minds – and vivid imaginations. I mean, the average cock size among the guys who wrote in (according to them) is about eight inches. Seeing is believing, I think . . ."

Any funny letters?

"Well, I did chuckle at the guy from Penge who was rather taken with the fact that I sometimes wank blokes off wearing my long leather gloves. So much so, in fact, he now wanks himself off while wearing his motor bike gauntlets. That one had me in a fit of the giggles. But there *are* no rules when it comes to wanking – if you'll pardon the pun; if you want to wear gauntlets, you wear 'em!"

We will, Georgie, we will . . .

IN·THE·BAG

again. Then I mounted the dildo in the kneeling position, and took my hairbrush from the bedside cabinet. I brushed my hair as I rode your cocks, then ran the bristly hairs over my boobs and came again. Then I did something really sexy. I put the dildo in my mouth, still kneeling with my head back, and wanked my pussy with my left hand. Then I ran the hairbrush over my arse cheeks which really turned me on. Slowly I ran the handle of the brush up and down my bum. Here I was, imagining one cock in my mouth, another in my cunt, and another rubbing over my bum.

I soon lost count of the orgasms I'd had, but I was well into double figures when I finally slowed down about midnight! I had a long mirror which I placed at the end of the bed, and I started to "perform" to it. I imagined I was modelling for Club, a fantasy I hope to fulfil one day. My body was sweaty by now, and my hair was hanging damp around my face. I think I looked pretty sexy, I hope you agree. Anyway, I wriggled and posed on the bed, holding myself open and available like your models, and soon I'd come again. By the early hours I'm sure I'd come well over 20 times, but I knew I could take more. I remember thinking that I should be able to fuck two football teams at this rate! This spurred me on again as the sun came up. I was tired, my cunt was sore and not as juicy as earlier, but still I wanted more. I wanted to give you real value for money, you see, boys, and I wanted to see just how much cock I could take.

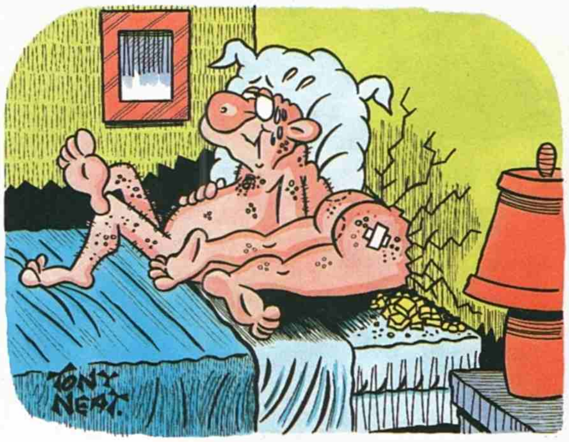
I carried on all day, and started my second night of wanking. Not as furious as the first night, far more relaxed, more caressing and stroking rather than deep penetration. My body was all aglow, the slightest touch on an erogenous zone sent me into a swirling orgasm, it was incredible. At about 10pm on the second night I decided to go to the local chip shop as I was getting hungry, and very thirsty. I put on a white blouse and tight jeans, no bra or pants, and went out into the cold night air. The feel of my boobs bouncing free, and the material of my jeans rubbing my cunt kept me on the boil. Every bloke I passed ogled at my boobs, and I imagined fucking them.

I opened my blouse to my waist as I approached the chip shop. I must have been quite a sight! There was a queue in the shop, and they all got an eyeful of my little tits; my cunt was really wet again now. I ate my chips on a seat nearby, before making my way back to my flat with a 2 litre bottle of coke. And that helped a lot . . .

I wanked and dozed into the morning of the third day. The thought of what I was doing kept me hotter than hot. My bed was now so damp that it was uncomfortable, so I spread myself on the floor for your cocks. I wanked again and again, falling asleep quite regularly now. Even in my sleep I had erotic dreams though and woke with a little orgasm.

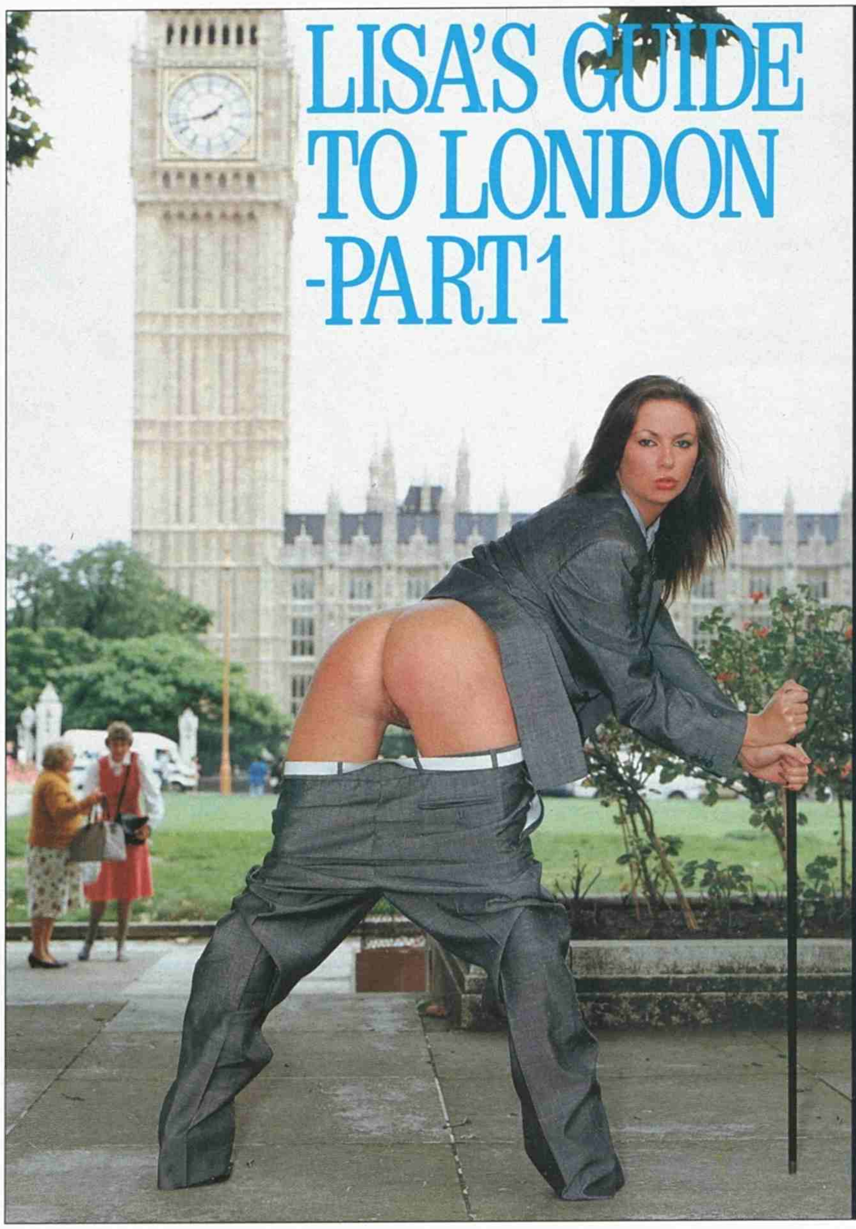
Even I couldn't keep it up forever though, and that night (August 12th) I finally fell asleep, and woke up a hot sweaty mess. My body was still glowing, and I even had a nice slow wank when I woke up, but I knew the main work was over, and I'd reached my limit. I'd like to think that I had over 100 orgasms during the wank, but they all blurred together after a while, and who wants to count anyway. Needless to say my cunt is still sore from its efforts, and I still feel tired out, but I hope to go nightclubbing again tonight as it is Saturday. It's now nearly two weeks since I had a cock up me, and I've almost forgotten what spunk tastes like!

We must do this again sometime, Club, it was too good to be true. I hope you all enjoyed me, boys, I certainly loved having you. If any of you are interested in



So much for doggy-style! I still like the old way best!

LISA'S GUIDE TO LONDON -PART 1



The seat of government had to be the first stop in Lisa's guide to the great metropolis. And our girl, who originally hails from sunny Sheffield, hasn't got behind with her homework.

"The Houses as we see them today are in the Victorian gothic style," said Lisa as she loosened her belt. "They were designed by Sir Charles Barry and A W N Pugin, and built from 1840–1868."

Lisa dropped her drawers and continued: "The original Westminster Hall was built in 1099 as the Great Hall of William Rufus' new palace; the roof dates from the late 14th century." Lisa turned and wiggled her bum at lensman John "Raging Henry" Copthorne.

"The name 'Big Ben' strictly applies only to the clock on top of the tower. It is renowned the world over for its timekeeping, estimated to be accurate to within a second per year. As you can see, the time is now 10.24 am."

Whereupon Lisa and John scarpered before the law could nab them. Pity. It was just getting interesting.

Next month: Lisa and the throbbing dome of St Paul's. ♣

SHOW STOPPERS!

Photographs: Kel Edge

Official: Club International now travels around Britain's top racing circuits at speeds in excess of 160 mph.

The shame of the thing is, Nikki and Stacey here don't ride the bikes. No, they're piloted by the technically brilliant (but not quite so pretty) riders of the Loctite Yamaha racing team – who have now very sensibly added the name of Club International to their team monicker!

The historic announcement was made at the hugely successful Bike Show at Birmingham's NEC in October. Our main picture shows our own debonair, stylish, bike-freak Deputy Editor Rob "mine's a double" McCabe signing the sponsorship agreement between our good selves and Loctite Yamaha. From left to right, this impressive array of silly grins includes Loctite's Richard Picking, Nikki Downey, Yamaha's Andy Smith, our Robbie, Stacey Winfield and team boss Steve Parrish.

A full list of the team's racing appearances will appear in a future ish of Club. Our delicious duo of Nikki and Stacey will be in attendance to cheer the guys on at all the major meets of the 1988 season, so you might like to come along and lend a bit of lung power yourselves. After all, the girls need all the help they can get . . . ♣

photographing me or making a sexy video of me please let me know. My pleasure is your pleasure. My legs are always open for you boys, let me be your dream lover.

Lots of love

Tracey, Lincoln

Phew, what a scorcher, as they say on the Sun. Pity we can't show you the self-portrait Tracey sent with this letter . . . but we just might be able to get some pics together. We'll let readers have the last words.

Trace is Ace

Dear Ed,

Find Tracey just a little space
Perhaps *Club Chance*, the ideal place
To us wankers she is an ace
With a cheeky little face
Posing in her purple lace
Displaying all her charms and grace
Towards August 10th, time begins to race
Doubt if I can maintain her pace
I'll give my best in any case.

L Harland, Dagenham

Sheer poetry, guvnor. We'll see what we can do – Ed

Tracey – Part 316

Regarding the letter from Tracey of Lincoln in Vol 16 No 8, I took part in the Mass Wank Off on August 10th.

I started at 8pm as suggested, but as I found the letter so deliciously sexy, I didn't finish till gone 10pm, having rubbed my cock red raw.

Also, re *Club Chance* (Vol 16 No 6), and your model's wish that her appearance leads to at least one bloke having a good wank: this worked on me as I found her body so stimulating that I have wanked over her at least 20 times since.

Peter, Surrey

Slips on – Slips off

I have been reading Club for many years now, and the reason that I pick Club from all the others is the standard of your photographs.

No other magazine has such consistently beautiful girls photographed with such taste. Some magazines contain pictures of old slags which can't do much for anyone.

I particularly like the fact that often your photos are of girls partly dressed, and often in slips which is my particular interest. I am fortunate that my girlfriend enjoys my favourite turn on.

I usually wear about four waist-length slips, each of a different colour with lots of lace at the hems. By the time I have pulled each slip on, my cock is already stiff and aching to be rubbed. The feeling of the layers of slips when I start to rub my cock up and down is so silky and soft it reminds me of the inside of a warm wet cunt.

My girlfriend also wears at least two slips or petticoats and she kneels before me and slowly fingers herself while watching me wank. When I can feel my spunk rising she stops wanking and puts my cock in her mouth still covered with my slips.

As I come she sucks the spunk through the layers of nylon. She says she loves to see my sperm gush through the slips and sometimes she asks me to wank my last squirts of spunk over her slips while she shouts things like: "Come on, wank your milk over me, squirt your fuck cream into my slips." Finally, we sometimes change over slips and do the whole thing again and I enjoy wanking with slips already soaked in each others' come.

Anyway, keep up the great photos and please let's have more petticoats and slips, even if the models are just laying next to them instead of actually wearing them.

Kent, Herts

Nikki Lover

I just have to write and congratulate you on the idea behind the new series of Nikki Downey photographing female models. It's a real turn-on seeing an attractive female photographer probing another attractive female with a camera.

Also I have compiled my own top ten females. The girls in the office (to whom I pass on my used Clubs) don't believe that I have sent you my top ten – so please publish it. *Ian, Herts*

Okay. It's on page 22 – Ed.

Housewife's Choice

Hello, my name is Penny. I'm 32, a housewife, and have two young children. I have never written to a magazine like yours before, but something happened to me last week that both excited and disgusted me and that I could never tell my husband, Chris. However, I feel I must tell someone, and as I've read the letters in your magazine you came to mind.

Last week Chris went away on business and I decided to visit my mother for a couple of days. As I have a dog, I left the key to the house with my neighbour, Malcolm, and asked him to care for the pooch and exercise it for me. I got to my mother's and realized I had left the suitcase containing our clothes at home. I left the children with my mother and made the 20-mile journey back to my house, where I let

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FOUL·PLAY

As Shakespeare may have said, this is the season of being bloody freezing. ***U Watt*** *tells you how to get even colder and waste loads of money. Don't read this if you like skiing.*

It's at this time of year that hordes of upwardly mobile young things pack their amply dimensioned bags and gather together a wealth of paraphernalia, all designed to help them become *downwardly* mobile. In layman's terms, loads of well-off young sods pack their kit and go skiing.

These people are easy to recognize. They are the awkward bastards who block the doors on the train with their massive holdalls and then proceed to 'inadvertently' clout everybody within range about the head with their skis. Climate aside they couldn't choose a worse time of year to do it. Most of us, run-down and irritated to the point of homicide by the frenzy of last-minute Christmas shopping, would cheerfully strangle anybody causing an obstruction. It is no coincidence that the majority of deaths on public transport occur in this the season of ill will to all men, women and especially skiers.

But despite the constant death threats from crazed shoppers, these demons of the downhill return year after year, supposedly lured by the thrill of the Piste although more likely attracted by the apres-ski Schnapps and schnogging. I must admit, I have often had a craving to join them.

Having watched with awe – when I was a youngster – James Bond's heroic descent to safety away from the evil Blofeld in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, I had always fancied myself as a bit of a Franz Klammer in my time off from emulating Georgie Best. Tragically, my childhood holidays extended no further than Norfolk and Devon.

However, at the age of 15 I spent three weeks with a very generous French family in Aix-en-Provence and when, one day, they offered me the choice of a day in St Tropez or a day skiing in the Alps I immediately jumped at the latter. It was spring and I figured the breast count in St Trop' would be pretty low. And so we all headed east, and as Monsieur Salomez flung the Peugeot 504 around some of the most treacherous roads this side of the M6, my little heart was racing with excitement and expectation.

I should have known better. Monsieur Salomez was something to do with the French Air Force. He thrived on self-abuse of a harsh, physical nature and encouraged all around him to do the same. His idea of fun was to spend the weekend running up and down the local mountain with a bicycle on his back.

As he dragged me away from the ski-hire shop and attempted to position me at the start of his chosen run, I realized with dismay of a magnitude usually reserved for Leicester City supporters that the day's activity would be geared towards *his* idea of fun and not mine. On this occasion that meant cross-country skiing.

I don't know if you've ever seen cross-country skiing, but I've always ranked it just behind the 10km walk in terms of pointlessness and visual stupidity. It is a sport that demands immense fitness and strength and, not surprisingly, the Eastern Europeans are pretty damned good at it. Its only link with the downhill version favoured by us leisure-minded Brits is the cold, white stuff that filled my boots with every step.

Whoever it was who first invented the ski (probably a Pole) surely only ever intended it to be used for going downhill, which is why he subsequently devised the chair-lift. Newton's law of Gravity dictates that: "It is nigh on fucking impossible to go uphill on snow while wearing skis," so one can only surmise that the smart-arse who invented cross-country skiing failed his physics O-level.

I decided to put all negative thoughts out of my mind. I would tackle this 'sport' as if it were the most natural thing on Earth.

Followers insist that it *is* possible to go uphill on skis: you do it by adopting an exaggerated walking movement, pushing backwards with your poles with each swing of the arm and lifting your legs high, so they don't catch in the snow as you move them forward. So I gallantly set off in pursuit of the mad Frenchman, desperately struggling to establish that all-important rhythm and looking for all the world like Andy Pandy on steroids.

The charade lasted a mere ten steps when my flailing arms and legs got out of synch and I lurched uncontrollably forwards, sinking in a crumpled heap in the deep, fresh snow while the skis remained where they had left me. I was on all

I gallantly set off in pursuit, desperately struggling to establish that all-important rhythm and looking for all the world like Andy Pandy on steroids

PHUTT!
ADIDIKE
HARDMAN

Who's Not C

This bit is all about an in-car phone. Or rather it isn't. To be more precise, it's all about a totally useless piece of plastic that *looks* like a car phone. And when you think about it, it's not as daft an idea as it might first seem.

After all, discounting those tearaway louts in their Sierras and Montegos who have the things paid for by their company, just who exactly wants something as totally superfluous as an in-car phone? Posers, that's who. You've all seen 'em: they pull up at the lights alongside a coachload of Swedish netball players, pick up the receiver without even dialling a number (they can't, anyway: nobody wants to speak to someone who has a car phone) and talk to themselves. For the

lling?

privilege of being called a pretentious twat in Swedish, they've probably forked out around a grand.

But being a prat need not cost you so dear! Thanks to the Yanks (who else?) you can now do it for about £13, without having to worry about boring things like installation fee, call charges or rental. Why, you even get an aerial, just in case some cynical bastard suspects you might *just* be trying to pull a fast one!

This isn't one of our millions of easy-to-win prizes this month, because we're too embarrassed to give one away. However, Status Systems (0262 89393) will be absolutely delighted to pack one off to you for £10.99 plus £2 p&p.

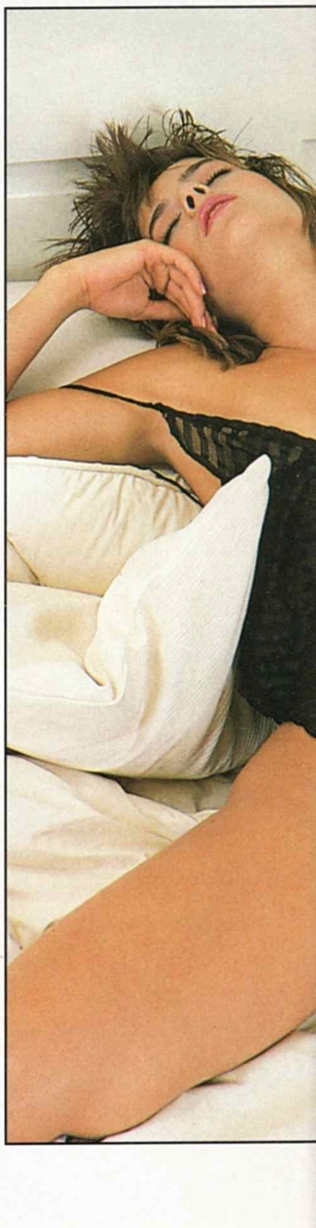
Leave it with you. ♣

fours, buried up to my shoulders and thighs in snow and sinking deeper with every movement. I managed to free one arm and found that, by pushing down on the skis, I could free the other. Pushing down with both arms I managed to free my legs and gingerly clipped my boots back on to the skis. I stood up, went to move my right ski which was now buried a foot deep in snow, and immediately fell flat on my face again. It was at this point that I realized I could spend the rest of my life trying to move from that spot and so I surrendered to the mountain and shouted for assistance, at the same time vowing in future to restrict my ski expeditions to the occasional yogurt. Tastier, and certainly safer.

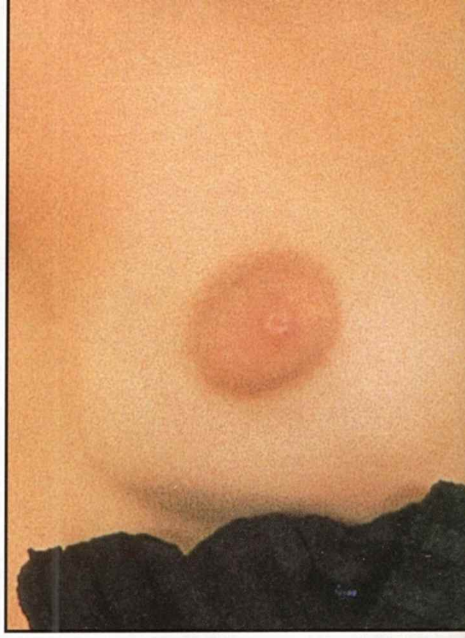
I recently flicked through some winter holiday brochures and it appears that cross-country skiing is available in package deals and that it can be a "rewarding and leisurely" activity. I write this off as tourist board propaganda. It seems obvious to me that cross-country skiing should exist purely as a form of punishment for anyone caught blocking the doors on the train. Happy shopping. ♣

Vicky

Photographs by Ingo Harney



It's been the best part of a year since Vicky last appeared in Club (in Vol 16 No 1), and she's been a busy young lady since then.



"I've been back home in France for quite a few months, doing various modelling jobs for various people. And there's a little business I'm trying to get off the ground in Nantes – but I'll tell you more about that some other time. I've also been on a six-week working visit to the Far East."

Phew, quite a schedule!

"Yes, and it probably explains why I find myself without a regular boyfriend – I think men have difficulty keeping up with me. Don't take it the wrong way; I have a fairly active sex life, but I think there's more to a relationship than a quick fuck occasionally.

"A quick fuck *often* would be very nice." ♣

IN·THE·BAG

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myself in and started toward the stairs.

As I went up the stairs I could hear someone talking so I stopped. At first I thought I might have left a radio on, as it sounded like someone in pain! For a moment I thought of running downstairs and calling the police, but then I recognized the voice as being Malcolm's. I crept up the remaining stairs and went toward my bedroom where the noise was coming from.

As I cautiously poked my head around the door I saw a sight that I shall never forget. Lying naked on my bed, on his back, was Malcolm. Sticking up from between his legs was an erection, but there was something even more shocking, for over his face he was dangling what I recognized as being a pair of my panties from the dirty linen basket!

I am not a prude, but I have never seen such a thing before. Although I might have flirted harmlessly with Malcolm in the past, I certainly never got the impression he really took it seriously, and I didn't encourage him at all. I didn't know what to do as I stood there, mesmerized. Shock, embarrassment, disgust were among the emotions I felt – and also, suddenly, I realized, excitement as well!

Malcolm was lost in his fantasy. I heard him saying: "Oh, yes, Penny, let me lick it, let me lick your cunt!" and all the time he was lowering my panties closer to his face, until they were touching it and his moans became more desperate. Now it was something like: "Oh, darling Penny, yes, I can see it, I can see your lovely fanny! Open it for me, let me suck your juices! Oh I'm such a naughty boy, cover my face with your fanny!" I realized that although his penis was sticking up like a rod, he never touched it and it jerked and throbbed all by itself.

Then: "Yes, darling, sit on my face!" and I saw him take the panties and put them over his face, looping the leg openings behind his ears so that the crotch of my knickers ran vertically down his face, covering his nose and mouth. His cries were a little muffled by now, but still plainly audible as I heard him sniffing and groaning. I felt a warm glow at the base of my stomach, and a damp flush start at the top of my legs as I realized my vagina was getting wet!

His breathing became even more laboured, and then I heard him groaning: "Penny, look, darling, I'm eating you, I'm drinking your cunt juice, I'm licking your fanny!" At the same time I heard a sucking noise and saw the crotch of my panties being drawn into his mouth. He was sucking and chewing at my knicker crotch. All this time, he hadn't laid a finger on his penis, but now, he began to jerk his hips a little, and, groaning loudly, he started to climax! I could see the first pulses of sperm bubble out of his penis and then run down its length on to his belly, but then he seized his cock with one of his hands and masturbated furiously, making the remaining sperm spurt out in spattering jets.

This was the first man I'd seen having an orgasm (apart from my husband) since I was 19 and one of my boyfriends enjoyed having me watch while he masturbated in front of me. I couldn't get over how Malcolm had started to climax without touching himself – I suppose he was so excited doing what he did to my panties he didn't need to. Anyway, my legs began to tremble and I realized that I, good, clean, faithful Penny, was on the brink of an orgasm myself!

Whether Malcolm heard my breathing I don't know, but suddenly, as he lay there recuperating from his emission, he became aware

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MOTORVATION

*Macho **John Masham** doesn't take kindly to people messing with his favourite motor. Not even when they're the manufacturers. Has this man got a power complex or what?*

Having read in Volume 16 Number 10 that Duncan from Plymouth puts Diane Abbott in his all-time Top Ten – and near the top of the list, too – I am ready to believe just about anything. Even so, I find it hard to credit the new Land Rover.

I hate to say this about the builders of the finest motor vehicle on the planet, but I think the lads at Land Rover have finally flipped their collective lid. It all started with a press release they sent out some weeks back.

I get a lot of press releases. I even read some of them. The good ones are invaluable in this line of work, and the unread majority make great cavity wall insulation for the new extension. The one from Land Rover, announcing their new concept car, really caught my eye. After all, even if it is named after a canned drink (Cariba . . . though being four-wheel drive it could've been called Quattro), any Land Rover concept car should turn heads.

Concept cars, in case you didn't know, are super-swoopy prototypes that get wheeled out around motorshow time. I say wheeled out because they rarely feature such mundane attributes as engines and gear-boxes; most of the development budgets (and believe me these things cost millions) get blown on fancy electronic stuff and sub-zero drag coefficients. Basically, where concept cars are concerned, practicality is only an optional extra – with the result that the majority of them are about as practical as a concrete bike with candyfloss wheels.

And unlike most prototypes, these beasties never reach production. The manufacturers maintain that they are designed and built to show the trade and public just what they are capable of. Oh yeah? Well, then, tell us, pray, why it is that if these backroom boys can make manned missiles that in theory (*ie* for want of an engine) are quicker off the mark than a tart's knickers, and which certainly have finer lines than a Ferrari, they continue churning out uninspired tin boxes with the design flair of a drainpipe and the aerodynamics of a 50s fridge?

Those lovely Land Rover people, justifiably ashamed of the Cariba, didn't send us any photographs of the thing. So here's a motorised pool table instead

In the absence of an answer to that one, I think we can all agree that the aim of concept cars is (a) to give the technical editors of car mags something to pull a muscle over and (b) to pull the punters on to the stands now that the naked women have gone from the motorshows.

Just cast your mind back a couple of years when Austin Rover showed the MG EX-E. It was a real stunner; capable of giving Porsche a real hiding on paper, and a real hit on the stand. Everyone loved it, even the Italians. Two years on, what do we have? Austin Rover show nothing of interest on their showstands, and pack out the showrooms with the likes of the MG Metro: four gears and all the ooomph of alcohol-free lager. To be fair, it's not just AR: everyone teases when it comes to show cars (mind you, look out for Nissan's Mid-4 – that'll see production).

Anyway, back to Land Rover. I have the highest regard for their standard products. If there's an automotive equivalent of Rambo, this is it – the genuine all-terrain vehicle that lasts forever and never gives up. It's sexier than Diane Abbott, too. So I couldn't wait to see what the company's concept, a Land Rover for the 21st century, would look like. After all, a 1980s model looks pretty much like a 1950s model, so anything new had to be worth a perusal. Just what can Buck Rogers expect when he goes off the road? Will Dr Who ditch the Tardis and that awful Langford creature for the new model?

HAIR TODAY...

It's the same every Crimbo, ain't it? You get asked for a list of the presents you'd like, so you give 'em one: a Toyota MR2, a Technics sound system, a Picasso original, Nikki Downey . . . the usual sort of stuff. And what do you get? After-shave, some after-shave, a bit of after-shave, more after-shave, after-shave. Am I right, or am I right?

Like it or not, though – and personally I reckon it's as much fun as getting your chopper caught in the escalator – we all have to shave, don't we, mum? If you have any grey matter at all, you probably do it the easy way with one of them battery-powered thingies. If you don't, we feel sorry for you. So much so, in fact, we've decided to give you the chance to win some face-scraping goodies from Skin Fitness.

Entering into the spirit of the season ("Goodwill to all unshaven men," and all that), the people from SF have come up with a Christmas shaving pack. Gasp in awe at the tube of enriched shaving cream! Stare in wonderment at the after-shaving moisturiser! Amaze your friends with the soft, yellow flannel! Marvel at the clean lines of the designer swivel-head razor!

Now, this here's the interesting bit, 'cos we've got ten (yes, ten!) of these little grey boxes to give away to the first ten folks who get the following question right:

How many men shave in Britain every day?

a) 14 million
b) six
c) *Every* day? Nobody!

And let's be having you, because we'll do all we can to get your prize to you in time for you to wrap it up and give it to a hairy loved one. Send your entry to Skin Fitness Competition, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Rick Stubble ♣

SKIN FITNESS FOR MEN
ENRICHED SHAVING CREAM
FRAGRANCE FREE
SKIN FITNESS FOR MEN
AFTER SHAVING MOISTURISER
SKIN FITNESS
FOR MEN

Would those chunky rubbers be ditched in favour of downward-thrusting minijets?

No chance. After all that research and effort, Land Rover have produced nothing more than a regular little tart's pick-up. It's got vivid blue and green side stripes, leather gaiters, a bikini-style soft top and every namby-pamby extra you can think of.

If you took this through the jungle the natives would die laughing. Land Rovers used to be macho, mean, the machine for Marlboro country – and now it's turned into the UK equivalent of those stupid Jap jeeps: purpose-built for hairdressers. You know the ones; made to measure for a Smurf in a space-suit, ideal for those well over four feet tall, just as long as they're under four feet four. Yuk.

In an effort to imbue the Land Rover with 'style' the backroom boys have blown it all away. OK, so tough is not enough, but the whole thing about Land Rovers is their triumph of form through function. They are meant to be dented, meant to be muddy, and above all meant to be used. So far they've crossed every continent on the planet, but the chances of the Cariba fighting its way through hostile terrain are about as likely as a hang-glider being mown down by a hit-and-run hot air balloonist. Back to the drawing-board, boys – and please make sure this effort stays there . . . ♣

IN ARREARS

When you think about it, the word "bum" is quite a derogatory one. The worst thing you could say to a musician is that he has a tendency to hit *bum* notes. Folks would get rightly annoyed if you sent them on a *bum* steer. And footballers hate it when the crowd keep on telling them they're playing a *bummer* (the exception to this being Chelsea players, who are expected to play in such a manner).

Yet probably the only derogatory thing you could say about the bums assembled here is that they are photographs in a magazine, and not real ones perched on your face – for, brothers, are we not indeed correct in stating that is where bums of this quality truly belong?

The six buttocks on this page all have an impeccable pedigree, in that they have previously appeared – along with the remainder of their owners – in the hallowed pages of this very organ. And every one of 'em worthy of its place, wouldn't you say?

The good news for arse aficionados is that you can be certain of having your fill of the smooth, wobbly bits now that Bleach has taken over as the one who's allowed to use the soft toilet roll: here's a man who appreciates a good rear for what it is.

If you consider yourself to be of the same ilk, then don't bottle it up, man! Write and tell us what it is you like about girls' bums; we'll publish the best letters, and sell the rest.

Billy Buttock ♣

IN·THE·BAG

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of my presence. With a strangled moan he sat up, tearing my panties away from his face, leaning over in an attempt to conceal his private parts. He began to babble his apologies: "Penny, I'm sorry, I don't know what came over me; please don't tell anyone, I promise I'll never do it again . . ." and so on.

I didn't know what to say or do. I was still torn between disgust (at him and myself for becoming aroused) and desire. In the end I walked up to the bed where he was now crying as he continued to say how sorry he was, laid my hand on his shoulder and in a dry, trembling voice told him that I wouldn't tell anybody what I'd seen. Something in my voice caused him to look up at me and I found myself saying – or rather stammering: "I enjoyed it. I enjoyed seeing you . . . you know . . ." Now it was his turn to be speechless. "Would you like to see me, Malcolm? You can if you like, I don't mind," I said. Or at least something like that. Anyway, he got the message, and sat staring speechlessly as I unzipped my skirt and took it off, and stood there as his eyes devoured my lower body, now dressed only in panties that were extremely damp with evidence of my arousal.

I moved closer to the bed, and saw that his eyes never strayed from my crotch. Then he did look up, and seeing I wasn't going to object, he gave a small moan and rested his head against my thighs. Almost unable to speak, I whispered: "Lick me, lick me," and then I felt his tongue brushing against the wet crotch of my knickers. I couldn't stand it – I was still torn between guilt and desire, but my need was too strong. I slipped my thumbs in my panties and pulled down my knickers, and Malcolm immediately stuck his head between my legs and began licking my cunt! Although I've always enjoyed oral sex with Chris, I don't remember ever being so excited before. As Malcolm licked at me I moved so that I was straddling his face, one leg standing on the floor still, the other kneeling on the bed.

My juices were flooding out now – again, I don't remember being so wet before, for at times it came out in little love-spurts into Malcolm's mouth. I couldn't hear much of what he was saying now, because my own breathing was so heavy, but it was something like: "Oh, Penny, I'm sucking your darling cunt, I'm drinking from your twat," and so on. Normally this would repel me, but now I found his language exciting!

I ground my hairy pudenda against his nose, feeling my orgasm beginning, and as I

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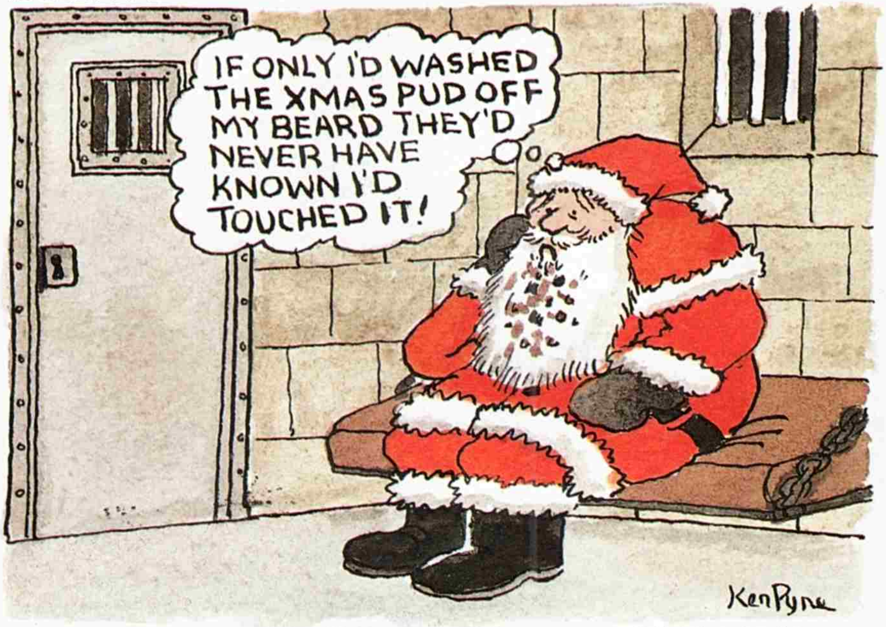
CHRISTMA

*That's where you could end up if you commit a particularly foul festive offence such as eating Christmas pudding, buying oranges or giving presents. No wind-up, this – they're all on the Statute Book. Our very own Santa Laws, **Geoffrey Humphrys**, tells you how to avoid getting a Yuletide criminal record . . .*


IF ONLY I'D WASHED THE XMAS PUD OFF MY BEARD THEY'D NEVER HAVE KNOWN I'D TOUCHED IT!
Ken Pyne

Everyone who eats a Christmas pudding this year is committing a criminal offence. Fact. Cromwell's Long Parliament of 1644 passed an ordinance stating that everyone must "observe the monthly fast on the day which heretofore was called the Feast of the Nativity of our Saviour" (Xmas, to you and me). It also forbade the making or consuming of Christmas pudding and mince pies, describing them as "abominable and idolatrous things to be avoided by Christians". No wonder Cromwell's nickname among the cheery folk of the time was "That Miserable Bastard".

The penalty for stuffing your chops in this un-Christian manner is a fine, imprisonment, or both. Of course, it's not too likely to happen: laws passed in the Miserable Bastard's time are generally ignored by the forces of law and order, who themselves have been known to kill off a mince pie or two during the winter solstice. Still, if you are well-known to PC Plod, it might be an idea to draw the nets before you start tucking in . . .

British law is made up of over 4000 Statutes, some of them going back to the year 1235; 300,000 reported cases which can be used as legal precedents; and 99 volumes of assorted legal literature. A pretty big chunk of all this is what lawyers call "a load of bollocks": laws that have been passed for particular circumstances, then not repealed when the circumstances no longer existed. They sit like boils on the Statute Book and never get enforced, for fear of making the police and courts look like a bunch of pillocks.

The fact remains, it's still almost impossible for anyone in Britain to spend a legal and happy Christmas. This is chiefly because Christmas Day is a holiday under Common Law, and as such has accumulated a whole pile of legal flotsam over the centuries, making practically everything faintly enjoyable about the whole bash illegal in some way or other.

Officially, a lawful Christmas Day must start with going to church. The Holy Days and Fasting Days Act of 1551 stipulates that every Christian is obliged to attend a church service on the "Nativitie of our Lorde".

And you can't drive there. A Victorian law allows the police to confiscate and sell any privately-owned vehicles used for Christmas Day churchgoing.

There are pages and pages of laws about what food you can buy and eat on the 25th. Cop a load of this lot:

Bananas cannot be bought legally after 8 pm – though you can buy figs all day long if you like. The same time limit is imposed on the sale of unpeeled potatoes, but after 8 pm you *can* buy chips. Raw meat is out, but cooked meat's OK. Precisely how rare you can have your steak isn't clear. And apart from the Christmas pudding veto, it's also against the law to have more than three courses for Christmas dinner in your own home.

Monkey nuts or chestnuts can be bought on Christmas

AS IN THE CLINK

night, but not oranges or any other fruit (except, of course, figs), and it is illegal to "eat chocolates or other sweetmeats" in any public conveyance on Christmas Day. Presumably because it would make the bus seats sticky.

Mind you, legally, there shouldn't be any buses running – unless they're not driven by bus drivers, that is. A law passed by those fun-loving MPs back in 1677 states that on Christmas Day: "Noe servant, articifer, workeman, labourer or other person whatsoever shall do or exercise any worldly labours, business or work of their ordinary callings."

This turns out to mean that people *can* work on Christmas Day, but not doing their normal jobs. So if the regular beat copper really does try to run you in for buying bananas, at least you'll know that he's breaking the law, too.

Sporting types could be hard hit if people start taking the law seriously. The Unlawful Games Act, 1541, allows only archery to be practised on Christmas Day. At a later date leaping and vaulting were allowed. Officially these are still the only three sports you can legally play to work up an appetite for the big Christmas dinner you shouldn't eat.

The only legal use of a gun on Christmas Day is in self-defence or in defence of the realm. This includes a sporting gun: according to an Act passed by William IV in 1831, "no person whatsoever shall kill or take any game or use any dog, gun, net or other engine or instrument for the purpose of killing or taking game on Christmas Day". And for all you keen lords of the manor who wanted to get around this one, forget it: game includes "hare, pheasant, partridge, grouse, heath or moor game, black game and bustards".

Holly takes a long time to mature, so the authorities took precautions to preserve it. This makes it an offence to cut holly from a bush or tree on Christmas Day. (It's also illegal to fix berries on unberried holly branches and sell them as natural branches. Just in case you were worried.)

Even the giving and receiving of presents can be an offence. It was once customary for large firms to give substantial Christmas bonuses to customers who traded with them throughout the year. This led to so much corruption that in 1906 an Act for the Better Prevention of Corruption was passed. Under its terms "any person who gives or agrees to give or accepts any gift" is an offender. A word in the right quarter and all the sales reps in your firm could get done. Mind you, all the customers would get hauled in, too.

Of course, all forms of acting and shows are forbidden. Many legal experts are now beginning to hail this as the one sensible law passed before this century. Far-sighted MPs, predicting the rise of such "entertainers" as Russ Abbott, Bob Monkhouse, Paul Daniels and the Muppets, passed this law in a vain attempt to give us a break from them at least one day in the year.

Sadly, we have forgotten the wisdom of our fathers. I mean, just think: if we really started enforcing these laws, we might get rid of the Little And Large Christmas Special for ever . . . ♣

Jack in the Tin

Let the truth be known: if there was any way we could wangle this here competition so one of us won it, we would, 'cos the prize is YUMMY!

What is up for grabs, brothers and sisters, is not a bottle of Ribena. Nor is it a bottle of Sarson's malt vinegar. No, what is up for grabs is a sample of the best thing ever to come out of America, with the possible exception of the 08.15 Concorde flight to London.

We refer, of course, to Jack Daniel's – that marvellous, marvellous brown-coloured stuff which has made the tiny town of Lynchburg, Tenn. (pop. 361 – never changes, has been for 100-odd years, don't know how they do it) a household name among connoisseurs of fine liquor.

A bottle of JD would be a desirable enough prize, but just take a butcher's at what you *can* win: said bottle in a limited-edition Victorian-style embossed tin *and* two Jack Daniel's square shot glasses – just like the ones Uncle Jack himself used (that is, until he kicked the safe in his office because he couldn't get it to open, breaking his toe in the process. The ensuing infection killed him, the poor bugger).

JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY
JACK DANIEL'S
Old No.7
Tennessee
WHISKEY

All you need to do is to write down the answers to the following questions and send them to Jack Daniel's Competition, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. First six out the hat net the big one, while the next ten will receive a smaller tin containing two JD miniatures.

1) Jack Daniel's is
   (a) whisky
   (b) whiskey
   (c) bourbon
   (d) a breed of dog

2) Lynchburg is in
   (a) Nebraska
   (b) Alabama
   (c) Tennessee
   (d) Middlesex

3) The odd thing about Lynchburg is that
   (a) it's totally dry – no alcohol is sold there
   (b) you've never even heard of it
   (c) neither has Fatima Whitbread
   (d) no team within 50 miles of it has ever won the FA Cup

Please note the Editor's decision is final, and no correspondence will be entered into unless you're willing to go halves on the prize with us. And don't go kicking the safe if you don't win. ♣

HARD·NEWS

THE · PAPER · WITH · BALLS

Edited by Colin Jeffery and Paul Dunn

Every month, in throbbing ten-inch columns, we bring you the news stories that got away.

DEAD DRUNK

DEVOTED WIFE Kathleen Edwards wanted to make sure her husband Edgar, 75, would not miss his daily pint because of her funeral. She left instructions that on the way to the crematorium the hearse should stop off at the Plough, Norwood Green, London, so he could nip in for a drink. She wrote: "I will wait, as I have always waited." *(Sun)*

STRIP IT UP

WOMEN are flocking to evening classes in stripping at a state school in Bologna, Italy. The local council say the classes could save marriages by making wives more sexy. *(Roma)*

ZUT ALORS!

A FRENCHMAN advertised in a contact magazine: "Write if you're bored with the man in your life." Only two women replied – his wife and mistress. *(New York Post)*

THAT'S NO LADY

FOUR ARGENTINIAN seamen appeared before a Buenos Aires court after fighting over the same woman.

The discovery that each carried the same autographed photograph of her led to the brawl. The magistrate asked to see the photo. After gazing at it for a few seconds, he burst into tears and rushed out of court.

Later, it turned out the woman was the magistrate's wife and the case was tried in another court. *(Globe)*

FURRY STORY

HELSINKI housewife Magda Naderev asked a Finnish court to grant her an order forbidding her husband from giving away any more fur coats. She claimed that the business, built up on her marriage dowry, was being ruined because her husband, Stefan, a fur and skin dealer, kept giving away fur coats to the many girls who became his mistresses. He often gave away the coats at the rate of four per year, Magda contended. The court is deferring its decision until the husband and his latest love can be traced. *(Paris Match)*

SIGN UP WITH RICHARD

RICHARD DILDY was having trouble meeting new girlfriends. So he wrote a sign with his problem, name and phone number on it, and walked up and down Yonge Street, Toronto. When Richard, 38, got home, he received 15 calls from girls. *(Toronto Star)*

ESCAPE FROM LUST

JEALOUS WIFE Nila Toscano kept her handsome husband Angelo locked up at home while she went to work in Lucca, Italy, convinced that other women would try to seduce him. After six months the exhausted man escaped by climbing down a drainpipe. He complained to police: "It was hell. I was only allowed to eat and make love." *(Roma)*

PARTY 'SELL-OUT'

THE Swedish Women's Association, a staunch campaigner against the sexual exploitation of women, hired two male strippers for its conference outside Stockholm last month. The general-secretary, Ms Margareta Winberg, said: "It was merely pleasure, not politics." *(Guardian)*

PLEASE RELEASE ME

CIDDUM MUSTAFI became desperate when she was still unmarried at the age of 34. So, a court in Istanbul heard, she promised an 18-year-old delivery boy that if he married her, she would give him all of the fortune coming to her from an ailing uncle in America. They wed, and she then confessed that there was no uncle and no fortune. He wants his freedom. *(Parade)*

A FEEL FOR THE JOB

DOZENS OF MEN have applied for a job which includes checking to see if women workers are wearing bras.

They want to work at TV studios in Prague, Czechoslovakia, where porters run their hands over women's backs so they can feel a bra strap. The checks are part of a campaign at the studios against the bra-less cult which the Communist authorities regard as decadent. *(Berliner)*

Send us your sex-crazed newspaper cuttings, and we'll pay a crisp tenner for every one used. On top of that, the intrepid reader who supplies our lead story will receive a year's subscription and a sack of uncensored Club goodies. Write to Hard News, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

IN · TH

continued from page 20

came in great trembling spasms I liberally anointed his face with my cunt juice! As my first orgasm gradually subsided, I reached behind me and found his shaft. Moving down the bed I started to masturbate him, but it was only a moment or two before I heard him moaning yet again, and looking at his juice-smeared face, saw the orgasm was about to break. His spunk sprayed out, not so thick and white this time, but still hot and wet as it splashed on to my hand and wrist.

Once the passion was over we were both extremely embarrassed. He dressed and left almost without saying a word, just giving a nervous smile every now and then. I don't know what to do – whether to let him fuck me or not, but I know I can't tell Chris, so I've told you.

Penny, London

Top Ten Corner

1. Kim Basinger (film actress)
2. Whitney Houston (pop star)
3. Nikki Downey (model *cum* photographer)
4. Sigourney Weaver (film actress)
5. Caroline Righton (news presenter)
6. Magenta (celebrity gossip)
7. Kim Wilde (pop star)
8. Heather Locklear (film actress)
9. Gabriela Sabatini (tennis player)
10. Sarah Green (TV personality)

Ian, Herts

Good Taste

Having picked up the latest copy of Club International, I've got to say that it's the best magazine for men available. I've seen others but they're not a patch on this one. What really brought it to my attention was when a mate showed me his copy

E·BAG

(Vol 16 No 9). I went straight out to get it, and I haven't stopped wanking since.

It's a great edition, and the highlight for me was Tracy in the centrefold. The sight of her gradually baring her assets made my dick stand to attention. Finally, when in the centrespread she was almost naked, the sight of her tight little cunt and her gorgeous tits had me shooting my spunk in volleys. I'm still having hot wanks over her body, and while I wank, I try to imagine her underneath me, legs spread, while my big cock pumps deep inside her, eventually shooting its big load right up her.

My ideal sort of girl is one that's blonde, with firm 40in tits, and best of all, a shaved pussy. One like that is guaranteed to make me wank virtually non-stop. Perhaps it would be possible for Club International to show models who are close to my description, preferably nude. But the material in your last few issues is, to say the least, fantastic.

I've now placed a regular order with my newsagent, he thinks I'm a randy bastard, and he's right – I am!

Steve, Mansfield

Superb!

I'm writing to congratulate you on the great effort which you put in to produce the new style of format in Club.

It was a surprise to find that Vol 16 No 10 was so different from Vol 16 No 9 only a month before. What a marvellous improvement!

I must say that Club gives me such satisfaction. Especially your choice of 'class A' girls which I wank over every night, and your letters which are very engrossing to read. Also I must comment on what a heart stopper Bianca was in Vol 16 No 8. Quite a cock-raiser, too.

Keep up the good work, thanks for a superb mag.

T N, Surrey

Gene Power

My wife and I have been looking through back issues of Club for pictures of girls in jeans. Alas there are none, although the streets are full of beauties who thus reveal their arses.

We therefore ask you to make good this omission by repeating the following series but with the models or similar lovelies in the thinnest and tightest jeans or marble wash.

Vol 13 No 4 Oriental Spice.
Vol 16 No 5 Club Event.

T and T ♣

TOP TITS

Well, hello, there! It's me again. I say "me", because I've received several less-than-complimentary letters regarding my name. So I'm not telling you what it is. Okay, so it was in last month's book, but I'm banking on all the pages of that being stuck together on account of how you just *had* to let your feelings get on top of you after feasting your beadies on the fab funbags I'd selected.

This month's mixture of mammaries might well prove to be even more sticky when you consider how high a score they all registered on the patented Club International Suffocatometer. This measures how long a bloke can stick his boat into a cleavage before succumbing to boredom. We believe Twiggy was rather disappointed with her rating of 1min 13secs, while Zola Budd's minders wouldn't allow her to comment on her reading of minus 23 minutes.

But now, somewhat unsurprisingly, this bevy of busties are giving the machine a harder time. At the time of going to press, and after two battery changes, the average reading for these giant gazongas is two weeks, four days, 17 hours and 42 minutes. And climbing. We've yet to find out from the manufacturers whether this takes into account toilet breaks, Red Stripe Crucial Brew breaks, etc.

Reckon your bird could give the Club big girls a run for their money? Well, it so happens we have a Suffocatometer to give away in a not-so-simple Christmas quiz. Just write in and tell me what my name is. Hah! That's got you going, eh?

Your name's Gary Garbonza. I claim my prize – Ed.

You fucking bastard! – Gary Garbonza.

TAPED!

*Take one **Allan Bryce** and seven videos, mix, and what do you get? More drool for your spool! More shape for your tape! More rub for your dub! And some right old tosh as well.*

“Allo! Allo! Allo! What's all this, then?”

Picture the scene: a seedy flat in Soho (circa 1977) packed with more bluebottles than you'll find round an abandoned jam jar at the height of summer. A centrefold model has been murdered – and not by a staple through the tummy. In charge of the investigation is Detective Inspector Glynn Edwards (now better-known as Dave of TV's *Minder*), a man who gets his hairstyle from *Kojak*, his dialogue from *Dirty Harry* and his dirty raincoats from the vice squad left-luggage department.

In the tension-packed opening scenes of **Secrets of A Playgirl** our hero's eyes narrow and his helmet expands as he studies the grim sight before him: a curvaceous starlet trying desperately hard to hold her breath while the camera's focused on her ample chest. “I'm going to get the ****!!! responsible for this!” he grunts, showing he's one of the new hard-line rozzers who always takes it personally when some nutter starts leaving bad actresses all over his manor. But the only clue is a number painted in lipstick on the dead girl's head. Is Max Factor going to be the first called in for questioning?

There are many familiar faces caught red-handed among the boobs and bots on display here. For a start we get Windsor Davies looking as though he aint 'alf 'ot under the collar as the chief of police at a very low-budget Scotland Yard. And then there's Penny Spencer, better known as Sharon from *Please Sir*, who whips her togs off to display a decidedly undernourished physique while auditioning for the role of policewoman decoy to trap the killer. In the end the job goes to true-blue WPC Mary Millington, who takes down her starched uniform (not to be used in evidence, I suppose) to reveal a magnificent pair of bazonkas that have many a copper's truncheon in the audience standing on end.

Mary Millington and her co-star Alan Lake (who plays budget Hugh Hefner-type Mr Playbird) both topped themselves shortly after this film was made, but it's really not that bad. I enjoyed it mostly for its depiction of a lively Soho full of strip joints, porn palaces and street girls who say: “Fancy a bit of fun, duckie?” Was it *ever* like that? For under a fiver (this is a budget release) all will be revealed.

More murder and mystery can be found in **Private Investigations**, an up-to-date American thriller featuring a busty brunette named Laura Aster as a scheming murderess who polishes off her butler because he knows too much about her strange sexual proclivities. She then lays a trail of red herrings – so that's what that fishy smell was – to point to some of her former lovers. As this girl is a bit of a raver, the scuffers have quite an assortment of suspects to wade through. Will she get her comeuppance in the end? I do hope so, because that end is deliciously inviting . . .

Of course, it wouldn't do for the boys in blue to waste all their time chasing murderers. They have more important things to spend their time on, like preventing the pillars of our society from making fools of themselves dressing up in women's clothes and wasting their hard-earned on prostitutes.

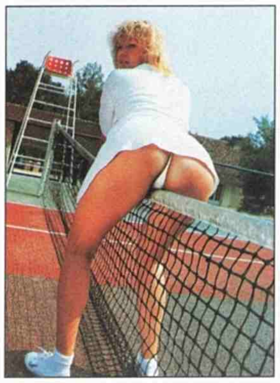
In **Personal Services** a few dozen vanloads of eager truncheon-swingers bundle up *Sweeney*-style to raid the swish suburban brothel of a certain Christine Painter (Julie Walters) and net a choice selection of judges, politicians and men's magazine editors whose strange needs are being attended to by women dressed as brassy schoolgirls and butch, leather-clad females who call themselves “Nanny” or “Miss Cane.”

Former *Monty Python* stalwart Terry Jones directed this cheeky little sex comedy “inspired by” the activities of Streatham Madame Cynthia Payne, who acted as a consultant on the movie. It actually skates over the famous raid that left the Streatham woodentops with egg on their helmets, to concentrate mainly on our heroine's rise to fame and fortune in the sex-for-sale business.

At the beginning we see her struggling away in a menial waitressing job and earning a little bit on the side for subletting her seedy West End apartment to a couple of prostitutes. But then one of them (a divine creature named “Scrag-End Rose!”) walks out and so she goes on the game herself, offering “French Polishing” to a coy double-glazing salesman who hasn't had sex for 23 years, and a “golden shower” followed by a damned good whipping to a loathsome little Inland Revenue clerk with a preference for wearing women's leather underwear (which is only what Inland Revenue employees deserve).

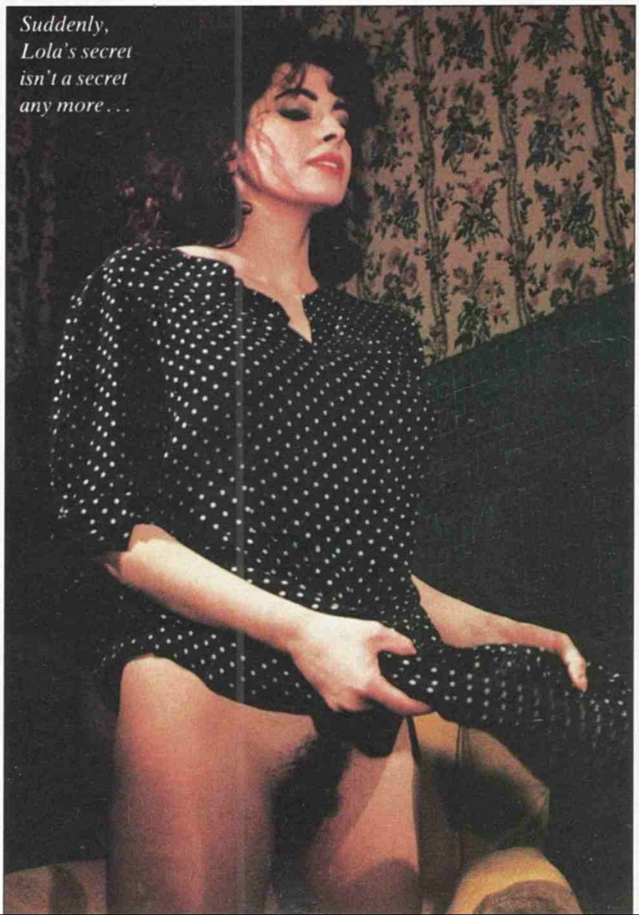
Eventually she moves up in the world, opening her own little knocking shop in a quiet London suburb and holding wild parties where gold-sprayed nudes go rushing around dressed as angels. Domination and kinky sex are the order of the day: “I've been a very naughty boy,” says one balding and bespectacled fellow, “and my bot-bot needs a good spanking!” It's all quite hilarious, and Julie Walters is magnificent in her best role since *Educating Rita*.

No laughs, but plenty of randy romping can be found in **Forbidden Pleasures**, a sporty little number whose hot action centres mainly



So if it's a forbidden pleasure, why is she doing it, then?

Erotic Games? *Can't really say that having a loaded pistol pointed at me is my idea of a game, but never mind*



Suddenly, Lola's secret isn't a secret any more . . .

around the tennis court of a lovely old mansion. French porn star Marilyn Jess plays a beautiful 30-year-old woman who invites her naughty nieces to spend the summer with her. Before long a kinky threesome is in progress on the back lawn. But it's about to turn into a foursome because the hunky gardener is watching, and that's not a watering can he's got in his hand . . . This one should really get percy throbbing, particularly the scene where Marilyn rubs her curvaceous bum back and forth on the tennis net. It almost made me call for new balls.

And then we come to a trio of new releases from a company called Elephant Video – and all three of 'em should get your trunk rising. First there's **Lust**, the torrid tale of a handsome young fellow who returns from fighting in the African campaigns, bringing with him a libidinous black female (Laura Gemser) whom he exhibits as a beautiful trophy – a darts cup wasn't showy enough in those days. This doesn't go down too well with his frustrated wife, who hasn't had a good seeing-to since her Victorian vibrator gave up the ghost. But then lusty Laura trots into her bedroom one night and sits on her face. The direct approach. Before long the servant has become master of the house and there's so much bonking going on in every room, it's a wonder the foundations don't collapse.

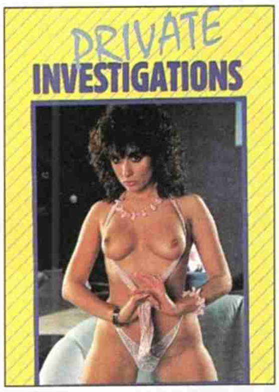
Next we come to **Lola's Secret**, which stars a delectable creature named Donatella Damiani as a magnificently-mammaried maid who takes up residence with an inexperienced young lad while his mum's away on holiday and shows him that that troublesome organ between his legs is not for stirring his tea with after all. One look at this gorgeous creature clad only in black stockings and sussies, and his breath isn't the only thing to start coming in short pants. You'll be right behind him.

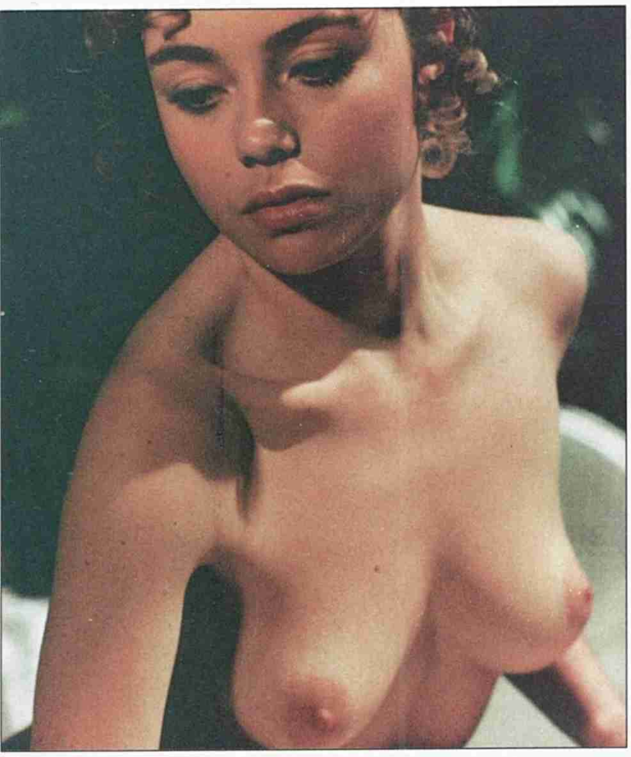
Then there's **Erotic Games**, which is about a wealthy landowner who is fed up with his wife's amorous adventures. This girl is some goer: he has to ask her to keep his place if he gets up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom. "Has the spark of romance gone out of our marriage?" he asks at one point – which is a bit like enquiring whether or not the Pope is a Catholic. Fed up with brushing the cobwebs off it, our frustrated hero embarks upon a wild affair with a mysterious beauty he meets (rather appropriately) while out riding. But little does he know she is a confidence trickster, only after getting her hands on his smallholdings. The plot isn't the only thing that thickens after she whips his trousers down . . .

And finally, if you can't be bothered straining your brain on complex storylines and just want to enjoy ogling big knockers, then why not join the goggle-eyed viewers of **The Stripper of the Year Contest**. Invite a few mates round, get legless, then shout: "Get 'em off!" or: "Cor! You don't get many of them to the ton," as each of the ten contestants in this "world-famous Las Vegas competition" arrives on stage to shake her assets. Who says television is killing the art of conversation? ♣

"I'm the new replacement for your rubber duck, luv"

Where on earth does he buy his clothes? (Lola's Secret)





Here's someone else enjoying playing Erotic Games

Personal Services is available from Virgin Video.

Secrets of a Playgirl is available from Movieland, 47 Tottenham Court Road, London W1.

Private Investigations and ***Forbidden Pleasures*** are available from AVR Ltd, 27 Brigstock Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

Lust, Lola's Secret and ***Erotic Games*** are available from Elephant Video, 15/17 Old Compton Street, London W1V 5PJ.

The Stripper of the Year Contest is available from Video Programme Distributors, No 1 GEC Estate, East Lane, Wembley, Middlesex HA9 7FF.

UNCOVERED

Do sex manuals really teach you anything useful?
Chris Lloyd *doubts it . . .*

There are some wonderful people out here, just dying to tell you about sex and break you out into the right kind of sweat. But first, you need analysis. Let's face it, there's plenty to talk about besides simply describing the sensation of liquid rising up through a stalk into warm, handy orifices. Look what we have. We have Re-Making Love **(Fontana, £3.95) by Barbara Ehrenreich, Elizabeth Hess and Gloria Jacobs. They're three solid team-mates in the attempt to feminize sex, all the way from soaking theatre seats (ie Beatlemania) to edible nighties. "In the 50s," they say, "sleeping with a 'nice girl' was like walking through a china shop – 'You break it, you buy it'." Not so now; oh, no. Vibrators are as common as blenders. The snapped hymen is a pre-marital fortune cookie, something almost for nothing – but with good advice.**

Things from literature form the next parcel, Tales Of Love, Sex & Danger **(Unwin, £5.95), decently collated by Sudhir Kakar and John Munder Ross. These two intellectuals have a shared passion for serious concepts, and enjoy subjecting ancient love stories to ruthless verbal harassment. It's loosely dedicated to "lovers" wherever they are, and yet Romeo (as interpreted by Rudolph Nureyev) is described as discovering the corpse of Juliet with his "huge penis packed like a coiled snake against the pubic wall." Work that one out.**

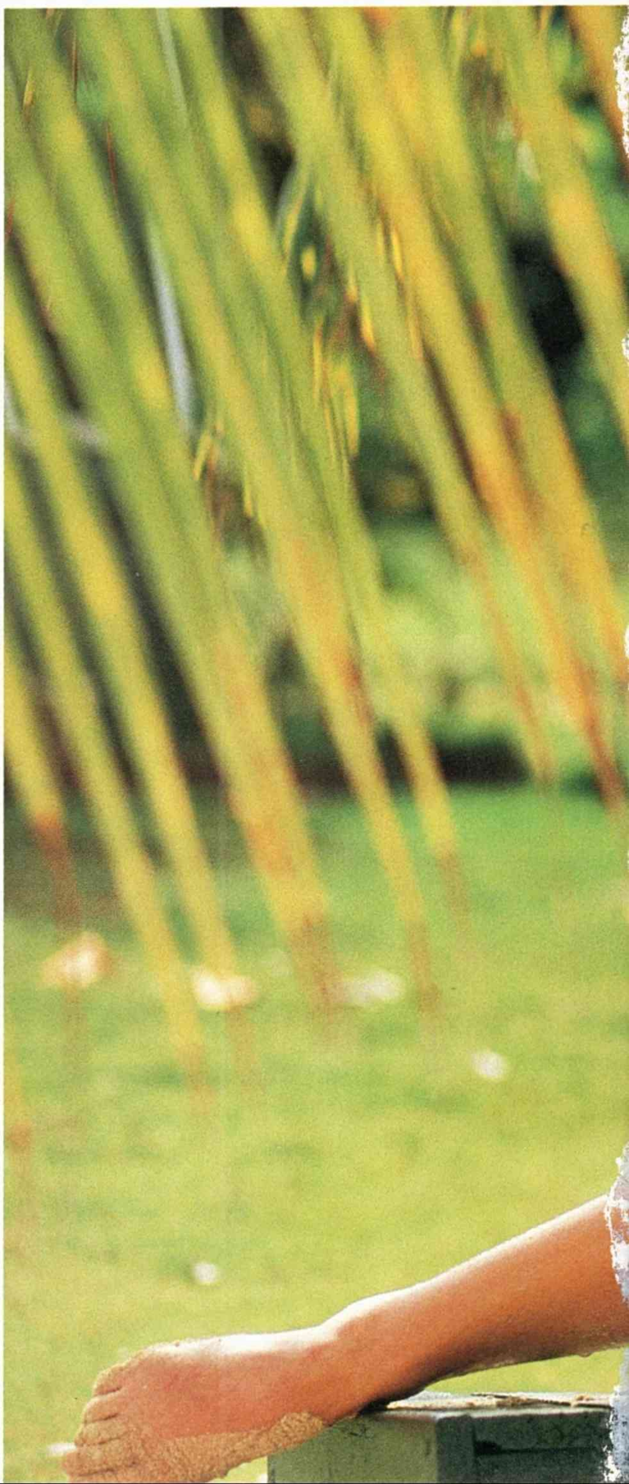
Finally, before verbals overtake the act altogether, we'll leave the field free for Michel Foucault, who spent the last quarter of his life on a multi-volumed History Of Sexuality from which The Use Of Pleasure **(Penguin, £6.95) is only the second shot at the title. Reading his prose has been compared with "watching fireworks of the mind". In other words, it's very deep, very penetrative.**

For the sake of validity, Foucault kicks off Part Two with a study of sex according to Fourth Century (B.C.) Greek culture, where activities of that kind were associated with the loss of vital substances. For Hippocrates, fucking was a brief sub-division of epilepsy, or foam produced as a result of agitation. This is something to think about. Then again, Pythagoras was seemingly asked by students of the art when the best time for making love was. "When you want to lose what strength you have," he replied. Don't say you haven't been warned. ♣

PAGE THREE SMASH

LU VARLEY

Now we all know what we mean by nude, don't we, lads? Let's not put too fine a point on it: we mean you can see all those naughty bits, right? Well, unlike some other "men's mags" who shout nude when they mean she's got her knickers on, Club International comes up with the goods. So we present, for the first time ever, the bits of Lu Varley you *really* want to see!



The fact we're the first to have Page Three smasher Lu, from Manchester, in the raw means we can also be the first to let you in on a little secret: Lu likes to keep herself tidy where it counts. Yep, the secret she's been hiding so long is out now: unless our eyes deceive us, the lady is shaved clean as a whistle!

Young Lu, who clocks up a curvy 36D-23-35, has been one of the most popular topless models in the country for two years now. We at Club hope that, now she's made her bottomless debut in Britain's topmost men's mag, she'll go on to even BIGGER things! ♣

U2

FIRING ON ALL CYLINDERS

U2 seem to be everyone's favourite band: music more powerful than a Tyson left hook and lyrics more meaningful than life itself have made them the biggest live rock act in the world.

By Pierre Perrone

Meeting the four members of U2 isn't something you forget easily. The Edge (real name Dave Evans, guitar), Adam Clayton (the one with the glasses, bass), Larry Mullen (a shades man, drums), and Bono (real name Paul Hewson, vocals) all share the same determination and sense of purpose. In nine years of travelling the world, they still haven't found what they're looking for – but they've had some interesting thoughts along the way. And Bono, his intense stare taking in everything, still hasn't stopped looking.

It was Larry Mullen who'd started the whole ball rolling in 1976 when he put a notice up on a board at Mount Temple, the Dublin school he was attending. The little card said he was looking for musicians to get a band together. He was only 14, but had been playing drums for five years.

Amongst the supposed virtuosos who showed up the following Saturday to murder a few Rolling Stones tunes, the drummer soon noticed that "The Edge could play. Adam was already behaving like an old pro." Bono, laughing, adds: "He acted like he knew all the tricks of the trade. He was two years older, so we believed him."

As for the singer, according to Larry: "He was supposed to be playing guitar but wasn't very good at it and started singing. Not that he was any better in front of a microphone . . . We suggested he should be the manager but his charisma was such that within ten minutes he took over what was supposed to be my band," he admits without the slightest hint of resentment.

Bono takes up the story. "I was listening to stuff like Jimi

Hendrix and Patti Smith, while The Edge was into the American band Television . . . but we started to write our own songs because we couldn't even play other people's material!"

"*It's a good thing that people like us who are not competent musicians can go out and make records*"

They still don't have a very high opinion of their own musical talent. "We don't write songs easily," says Adam. "It takes an awful long time, and one of the reasons for that is we're not competent musicians as such – we're OK in our own fields, but when it comes to writing songs we don't know the notes, we don't know how to use melodies. We're really lucky that a band like us has survived, made records, got away with it all. It's a good thing that people who are not competent musicians can go out and make records."

In 1979, CBS Ireland offered them a contract of sorts and first put out an EP called *U2-3* with *Out Of Control* as its main title. That was soon followed by a proper single, *Another Day*. They were just sketching out territory they would later explore on their first album, *Boy*.

The band were soon snapped up by a major company in the shape of Island Records. The first single for the label, *11 o'clock Tick Tock* with former Joy Division producer Martin Hannett at the controls, was released in May 1980.

I Will Follow was released, like the album, in October 1980 and soon became one of their on-stage favourites – it features in their live set to this day. They toured Europe before setting off, at the beginning of 1981, for a three-month American jaunt which was to mark the start of their fascination with the USA.

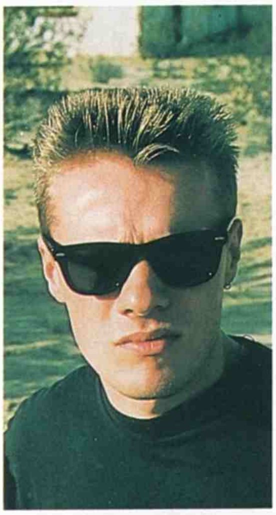
The singer elaborates on the fact that over the last two centuries "the links between Ireland and North America have become stronger. Young people with a bit of money tend to leave Dublin for what they consider to be a kind of promised land. So when I started to write *In God's Country*, for *The Joshua Tree* (U2's latest and biggest-selling album), I mentally transported myself to the States. Then I changed my mind and thought Ireland was more appropriate as a setting. I think I ended up between two stools but," he jokes, "I've still to find the Statue of Liberty in Dublin. Seriously, our trips overseas have opened our eyes. America is really a vast ideological wasteland. That's why we used *The Joshua Tree* as a title for the record."

Two of the best tracks on the album, *Bullet the Blue Sky* and *Mothers Of The Disappeared*, openly criticize Ronald Reagan's policy in Central America. In fact, Bono went there last year to see for himself what is really going on and wrote the latter track "about a group of women in Salvador called the Mothers of the Disappeared. They were set up by Archbishop Romero before he was gunned down while saying mass in San Salvador. It's just an organization of women who have lost their family to the death squads there – squads which are backed by America, or should I say backed by the Ronald Reagan regime – Jimmy Carter didn't support them.

"Those women sat in a room and told their stories to me – stories of their sons turning up at their houses with their heads in shoe boxes, photographs of their daughters raped and butchered. You can see the same pictures in Oliver Stone's film, *Salvador*. Anyway, I was so disgusted that I started to write what turned out to be one of the most peaceful tracks on the LP."

Once upon a time, U2's rage and passion translated into an incredibly aggressive music bordering on heavy metal. With titles like *Fire* (their first UK hit in August 1981) and *Gloria*, they were on the verge of falling into a sea of clichés. They kept on touring and thus appeared with The Police at Gateshead on 31st July 1982. It was on that day, as I was slowly counting the number of flags praising U2 which their supporters held up, that it started to dawn on me that, hey – something was happening here. And after seeing Bono, white banner in hand, climb the lighting rig above the stage, I met up with the singer backstage and expressed my doubts about his histrionic performance.

Five years on, Bono easily admits that "at that point we were ready to jack it all in. Rock 'n' roll was becoming a contradiction for us. We reacted by putting together *War*, which is our most basic record and coincided with our breakthrough in America. To those fans, I'll always be the guy with the flag in his hand," he adds, referring not to the previous incident but to his on-stage demeanour as the 1983 tour progressed.



The time had definitely come for the band to take stock of themselves and put a stop to all that. Which is exactly what happened with *The Unforgettable Fire*. "That was a record that the Americans took an awful long time to accept. It was out of focus, which was great for us because everybody else was putting out polished stuff and our record was nearly impressionistic," remembers Bono with joyful glee, delighted to have upset the Americans.

The real tour de force of

that album was *Bad*, inspired like *Running To Stand Still* on *The Joshua Tree* by the heroin situation in Dublin. On the 13th of July 1985, that song would take on a totally different meaning when U2 appeared at Wembley Stadium for Live Aid. After a furious *Sunday Bloody Sunday*, the four musicians launched themselves into this long cyclical riff which sums up *Bad* so well, and took the opportunity to acknowledge Lou Reed's *Satellite Of Love* and *Walk On The Wild Side* and also The Rolling Stones' *Ruby Tuesday* and *Sympathy For The Devil*. Once more, Bono let his impetuousness get the better of him and dragged two spectators out of the first rows to hug them and dance with them. Most viewers remember this moment, but the singer says: "It was a terrible mistake. I looked like I was coming down from my pedestal. Seeing it again on tape I thought I was really ridiculous."

> *"I don't feel like I'm a very good advertisement for God. If ever there was a sinner there is one here – me"*

The following week the whole U2 discography was back in the top 100. We all make mistakes.

Their long player, *The Joshua Tree*, nearly turned out to be a double album but they decided instead to keep the extra tracks for the B sides of future singles. *With Or Without You* was deliberately picked as the first single: "I love the idea that we can put on the airwaves something a bit more subversive than the average musak put out by most of the stations," says Bono. "The sort of songs they play on top 40 radio don't have much relevance to me or to any people I meet. I think it's wallpaper music, music for elevators. I like the idea of stopping that lift, peeling off that wallpaper.

"The song is about how violent love can get. I was influenced rather a lot by Scott Walker and wanted to write something as tragic as some of his stuff."

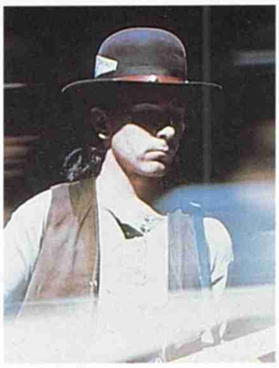
Where The Streets Have No Name, recently released as a 45, proved a very apt opening statement for the 1987 concerts. Adam recalls that "Edge had the original idea, melody and guitar line. There was this sort of feeling of openness, like going down a road through a desert."

Bono picks up the story: "It was really a song whose mood and atmosphere almost wrote the words without me. I had spent some time in Africa. I worked there for a month. I had no culture shock going to Ethiopia but I had real culture shock coming back: I started to ask myself some really fundamental questions about the way we are living in the West. The people I left behind had such a strong spirit, they really shone in my memory, whereas I came back to this big fat spoiled child of the West and I started to get confused.

"In Ethiopia they have nothing but each other; they're starving, they're at the end of the line . . . but I heard so much laughter in the camps, so much laughter.

"I began to see that, even though we aren't physically impoverished, we are spiritually deprived. That sounds a little twisted, maybe, but that's what the song is about."

Indeed, the whole of *The Joshua Tree* is shot through with Bono's concern for the world he lives in. "*Red Hill Mining Town*, another track from the album, was inspired by the miners' strike – but I wasn't so much interested in the political aspect of it, as in the effect it had on relationships. You read in the papers about another factory closing down, another thousand people out of work, but you don't read how that affects family life, how it affects the man as he comes home to his woman and children and has no pay packet to slap on the table, so I tried to write a song about how all that caused the breakdown of a relationship.



"I see so many just lose pride in themselves as a result of this new era we're a part of. This new technology will supposedly set us free, and yet if we're not careful I can see it enslaving us.

"Machines don't ask for pay rises, machines work 365 days a year and they don't go on strike . . . I felt strongly about this political side of it, but if I went on and on like this in a song maybe many people wouldn't listen to me. So I tried to write about the human side of it."

Still, it all seems like pretty heavy stuff. Is that really what rock 'n' roll's all about?

"It seems rock 'n' roll doesn't want to own up to its spirituality – the macho point of view still predominates . . . it's all about getting it done in the back seat of your motor car. Now I'm just as interested in getting it done in the back seat of your motor car as any man, but I also ask the question why rock 'n' roll won't write about relationships."

Relationships, spirituality . . . all fine stuff for a committed Christian like Bono to consider, write about, sing about. Bono doesn't shout about his faith, but it is the guiding light behind much of his music. "I wrote *I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For* as a gospel song with a restless spirit . . . the road I'm going down has many side roads and you get lost along the way. I don't feel like I'm a very good ad for God. If ever there was a sinner there is one here – me."

The title also confirms the fact that they are still moving on. As the singer is fond of saying: "Just because I believe in God doesn't mean I have the solution to any problem. In fact, the more I go on, the more questions I have."♣

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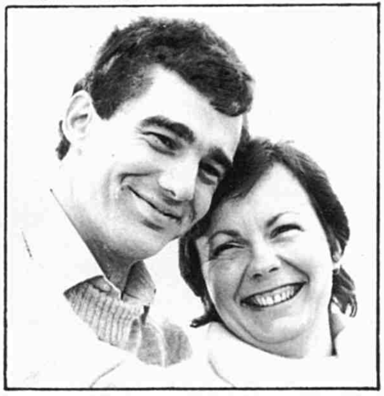
Lisa and Barry — *'If you are not meeting enough people join Dateline. It certainly worked for me' says Lisa. Barry's friends are very impressed he met someone so attractive. They were engaged within a few months. Lisa's sister has now joined 'looking for another Barry.'*



Pauline and Colin — *They had known each other for six weeks when Colin proposed, but they were certain Dateline had chosen well for them. 'We were made for each other.'*

Dateline *is simply the best!*

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY

Nikki

NIKKI DOWNEY is probably THE model to emerge from the 80s. Her face – and most of the rest of her – are certainly pleasingly familiar to readers of this organ. But there's a side to Nikki that no one's seen before. Until now. We've snapped (no excuses for the pun) her up to show us her skills as a glamour photographer, and to give us the inside info on what *really* goes on at a Club International picture shoot. Look and learn . . .

The set I have for your eager eyes this month, boys, is going to absolutely blow your minds, and it's going to do a lot for your balls as well. The idea came from a famous chocolate commercial I saw on TV the other day. The mood they had created was so horny, I thought I'd come up with my very own blue version.

All the underwear you can see is pure silk, and the best that H.A. Rodds stock (it would have to be the best for you, don't you think?). I hope the thoughts of all that cool, soft, pure silk sliding over a beautifully-proportioned model is adding an inch or two to all your hard-ons.

The build up to the set was very time-consuming, as all the props had to be purchased in Knightsbridge. How many times have you watched Dallas, or any of the other glitzy soaps, and thought what it would be like to see Joan Collins in the raw, making love to the camera in a really high-class setting (damned sexy, eh?). That's what I'm trying to do for you now: I want to create some of your dreams for you

to explore in your own bedrooms, or wherever you do IT (read Club, of course).

When I was picking out all the undies for the set, I carefully tried on all the outfits, posing in front of the changing room mirror and checking all the positions I wanted the model to do for you.

The feeling of all that silk tickling my body gave me the most amazingly sensual experience. My final – and most important – choice was the blue G-string, as the silk is extra-special when it rubs in all the vital places, showing off the model's beautifully-rounded, puffy, soft ninny (that's my word for pussy). It makes it look good enough to eat.

OK, guys, now I've got you in the mood a bit, I want you to go to your nearest sweetie shop and buy some liqueur chocolates.

Back now? Good.

Now I want you to put on your fave music.

Now sit down. Are you sitting comfortably? Then I'll begin. Pick up your fave choc – the one with the softest, smoothest centre. Unwrap it, and close your eyes (no, no, don't shut your eyes – you won't be able to read what you have to do next. Silly me . . .).

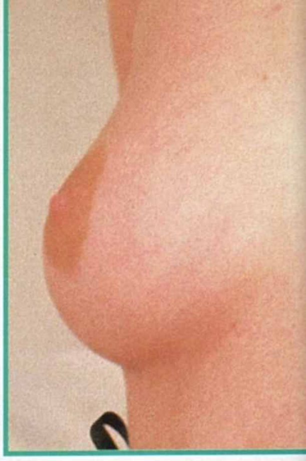
Gently place the choc between your lips and let your tongue roll it into the centre of your mouth. Softly suck on it and roll your tongue around its edges.

Can you feel the liquid fill your mouth as it flows from the centre of the choc? Horny, huh?

Before I get too carried away I'll get back to the pics. When the day of the shoot came, Melanie arrived and told me she was pleased to be working with a female photographer for a change. I told her it is very important to actually make love to the camera and to give her all for *you*, so it's as if she is really with you and not just in a book. I'm sure you know what I mean.

I started the shoot by playing some sensual music to build the right mood. I started clicking, Melanie moved wonderfully, and seemed to get a kick from the thought that you guys would be seeing the results soon.

I could sense she was



becoming incredibly rampant as she crawled and slithered around the floor in time to the music. I decided to ask her about her wildest erotic fantasy. She replied by telling me she had always dreamed of having mad, passionate sex with two guys at the same time. She confessed that the thought of two pairs of hands caressing her body and two pairs of lips sucking and blowing on her firm, rounded breasts; two (hang on a mo – I seem to be going off on one now, don't I? Let me compose myself again . . . Right then).

Anyway, I'm sure there are a couple of you that would happily oblige Melanie. Am I right? Thought so.

Just do one more thing for me, lads. Tonight, while you're in bed, look through the pics again, eat another choc and think of me doing exactly the same. You never know – we might meet up in our dreams. If by some strange quirk of reality we *do*, treat me gently.♣

Nikki

THE WONDERFUL WORLD O

It's the only Xmas telly guide you'll need! Yes, your bigger, brighter Club International tells you what the TV stations *ought* to be showing over the festive season – including exclusive reviews of all your fave Christmas films (*The Great Escape* and *Von Ryan's Express*).

Edited by Tym Manley.

CHRISTMAS EVE

BBC1

6.00 am CEEFAX. 6.30 NEWS; GAWD, NOT THE FLINTSTONES AGAIN! 6.55 NEWS. 7.00 FAR TOO EARLY FOR BREAKFAST TIME. 9.00 NEWS. 9.15 Children's BBC, starting with **CARTOON**; Johnny Makes A Nuclear Device. **10.55 TWO PEOPLE WITH SILLY VOICES MAKE FACES. 11.05 JISM. 11.45 CARTOON;** Care Bears sell Little Ponies to 101 Dalmatians as dog meat. **11.55 CHILD PSYCHIATRIST.**

12.20 A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS. Elaine Paige joins St Winifred's School Choir in *The Smurf Song*.

1.00 NEWS; weather (cold, raining).

1.25 WAKEY WAKEY! How to wake those drunken parents! Mike Grin with a guide to setting bedclothes alight.

2.00 PAUL DANIELS' GUIDE TO MAGIC. Shortarsed wacky magician up to his tricks again. Look out for the receding toupee routine – a classic sleight of hair.

2.25 Film: SACCHARINE MOUNTAIN (b/w). Little Ms Bratt (Judy Garland) saves Dad from prison, mends her parents' marriage, pays their mortgage and stops an avalanche on Saccharine Mountain. All with the help of Git the Dog (Fred Astaire). 1939.

4.05 YUCK AND YECH! Cartoon.

4.20 TERRY AND JUNE. Having lost their final doubles match at the tennis club, Terry and June make a suicide pact with hilarious results!

5.20 JIM'LL FIX IT. Santa Saville makes Christmas wishes come true. He announces his retirement.

6.00 NEWS; weather (frost, hail).

7.50 CHRISTMAS WITH AIDS. A serious reminder that not everyone will be happy this Christmas. Max Concern shows festive compassion for those less fortunate than ourselves.

8.00 THE TWO RONNIES YULETIDE YOKE. Family fun and frolics and lots of jokes about tits.

9.00 NEWS. There isn't any yet.

9.01 VICIOUS BASTARD'S CHRISTMAS CIRCUS. Beautiful animals are lashed and beaten to make them jump through hoops. Watch for Lenny the lion in his leotard. A delight for the kiddies!

10.10 WOGAN. Another scoop for the Irish charmer. Terry interviews Parky about the life and work of Harty. Plus Suzanne Dando.

12.35 WEATHER (scattered typhoons). Close.

BBC2

1.50 WHO'S THAT STAR? Charity frolics from Bognor, as people who once appeared on *Blankety Blank* try to make people remember who they are. Much headscratching as the audience tries to guess how much real stars would charge to appear on a lame show like this.

2.50 CONSUMER WATCHDOG. BBC smartarse patronises the utterly stupid people who are fool enough to be taken in by the obvious con tricks of totally transparent crooks.

4.35 OLD NEWS.

4.45 FILM: THE 30-YEAR ITCH (colour). A pretty BBC programmer (Marilyn Monroe) gets a strange urge not to keep showing 30-year-old movies. She loses her job.

6.25 CROWN GREEN SNOOKER. David Vine takes on Harry Carpenter at the St Andrews Bowl. Who can send a nation to sleep first in this titanic 3½-hour battle?

10.00 BLACK SOUTH AFRICAN CHRISTMAS WITH AIDS. Another serious look at underprivileged yuletide.

10.45 SEX IN QUESTION. This week's panel on the sensitive discussion show includes Lionel Blair, John Inman, Jan Morris and Billie-Jean King. Tonight's poser is: "Whatever happened to a good straight shag?"

1.35 WEATHER; close.

ITV

6.15 GOOD MORNING BRITAIN. 9.50 GOOCHY GOOCHY GOO! Children's cricket. **10.25 TRANSFORMERS – ROBOTS IN DISGUISE.** Murgatron decapitates Deebleroyd and then eats his liver. Family fun. **12.05 CROSSROADS FOR KIDS.** Puppet version of the soap, produced by Gerry Anderson. No script changes. Percy Edwards supplies the voices.

12.30 Film: VON RYAN'S EXPRESS.

2.00 DIZKNEE AT CHRISTMAS: MUTT AND MILO. Heartwarming true story of a boy and his dog. Mutt, lost on a family outing to the polar icecap, treks across 15,000 miles of tundra

club CHRISTMAS TELLY

and desert to find his owner. But he's moved.

3.00 MORE POXY DIZKNEE: RUDOLPH'S HORN. Bambi, grown up and on heat, seduces Rudolph and introduces him to threesomes and heroin.

3.10 LET'S SPLIT UP! Celebrity special. More marital fun as couples guess what their partner hates most about them. (Apart from wanting to go on crap quiz shows.)

3.45 NATURE. The mating habits of Dizknee animals.

4.15 SUPERGRAN. Supergran and the world's naffest special effects.

5.15 THE PRICE IS TRITE. Your host Leslie Crowther invites guests to guess his fee.

5.45 NEWS. Nothing's happened yet.

6.00 BLACK SOUTH AFRICAN ONE-PARENT FAMILY CHRISTMAS WITH AIDS. Another reminder that not everyone is happy this Christmas. Max Concern sure gets around.

7.00 BLIND MAN'S BUTT. Hilarious game show in which popular quiz show hosts bare their bottoms and invite blindfolded members of the audience to stick a sprig of holly up the khyber. I cried with laughter. Plus Suzanne Dando.

8.00 JIM DAVIDSON TREATS 'EM ROUGH. Cockney comic Jim raises big laughs by being unpleasant to women. Tedious, but do catch the scene where the Page Three girl breaks both his arms!

9.00 Film: THE GREAT ESCAPE.

10.45 NEWS AT TEN.

11.10 PRISONER CELL BLOCK Z. Sorry, just don't understand this one.

12.25 Film: VON RYAN'S BLOODY EXPRESS (colour).

2.20 Close.

CHANNEL 4

11.00 (Film): XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX. Greek masterpiece from Manoli Kleftis. A new bride wakes up one morning and doesn't know where she is. Does anyone know? Is anyone anywhere? Kleftis leaves the answer delicately in the balance. 1953 (Gaelic subtitles).

1.40 CARTOON CARNIVAL. Spanish Civil War animation.

3.30 BUSTER KEATON: THE DUSTBIN. Amazing new compilation showing the silent genius at work. Made up from all the bits that went wrong, or came out blank, or too fuzzy to see, and were thrown away. An unforgettable tribute.

10.45 THE MINIMAL CANTATA. Opus 45 from Hungarian genius Leg Lesz. The entire work is cast in the minimalist style – that is, only using minims on one note (or, as the composer argues: "A single continuum of all notes"). The Drunken Philharmonic Orchestra struggle through the difficulties, including a fearsome *continuo* which demands the sound of a shoe tree hitting the player's head for 50 bars.

11.45 GREASELANDS. Elvis Presley's last film, shot two years after his death. The King was on form!

12.45 THE CLASSIC FILM: NOPLACE. Jack Nicholson rejects his cultured background for the warmth of hardhat middle America. This, too, he finds empty. So he goes to the pictures and watches John Wayne films for two hours.

3.00 Close.

CHRISTMAS DAY

BBC1

8.00 PLAY SCHOOL. 8.10 ANNE DIAMOND'S BABY: THE FIRST TEETH. 8.45 ROLAND RAT MOVES TO WAPPING. 9.10 MAN WITH STUPID LOOK ON FACE. 10.00 CHRISTMAS WITH NOEL. Noel Edmonds links families and friends around the world. Let's hope the links stay secure this time.

1.25 EVERY TENNER COUNTS. Paul Daniels with the laughable quiz.

2.00 POP PARTY. Special with all the biggest hits of 1987, featuring Dusty Springfield, Shirley Bassey, Tom Jones and Lulu.

3.10 Film: THE GREAT VON RYAN'S EXPRESS.

5.15 NEWS. Iran invades America.

5.25 CHRISTMAS 3-2-1 PLAY YOUR SQUARES RIGHT! Suzanne Dando, Les Dawson, Bob Monkhouse and Russ Abbot in the whacky knockabout Xmas quizzle.

6.00 TIT IN A TRANCE. Chris Searle learns to be a hypnotist.

6.35 EASTENDERS – part 1.

HO HO HO!
IT'S FUN ON THE
BOX WITH THE
BIG ONE!

IT'S BRITAIN'S BRIGHTEST TELLY GUIDE – YULE LOVE IT!

Lofty finds out about Den's secret bestiality, Dr Patel bodges an abortion – his own – and cannot help when Den suffers a fatal script attack.

7.05 BENNY HILL. The irrepressible laughter monger has finally cleaned up his act! Yes, this time Benny shows he can get laughs without sexist, racist and scatological material. Not funny.

8.00 BLANKETY BLANK. The show devoted to finding which unfortunate contestant thinks exactly like Suzanne Dando.

10.00 EASTENDERS – part 2. Den's funeral.

10.30 NEWS. Dirty Den is dead. Plus Iranians take White House.

10.40 Film: VON RYAN'S ESCAPE.

12.30 Weather (raining frogs). Close.

BBC2

12.20 HAIR – THE MOVIE. Hilarious re-make of the 60s epic. Starring Telly Savalas, Ed Asner, Paul Daniels and Terry Wogan.

2.00 CHRISTMAS CONCERT. Bernard Haitink conducts the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra in Leg Lesz Opus 38: Haitink Itaw A Puddy Tat.

3.20 CARTOON CLASSICS. Bolivian animators' special.

4.35 NEPOTISM ON 2. Does who your parents know affect your success on television? Absorbing discussion with David Dimbleby, Jonathan Dimbleby, Martin Amis and Carol Thatcher.

5.30 MOVIE FAVOURITES. An absorbing collection of popular Christmas films:

5.35 VON RYAN'S DAUGHTER

7.00 ESCAPE FROM RYAN

9.00 THE GREAT EXPRESS

10.45 THE GREAT DAUGHTER'S EXPRESS RYAN PART VON

11.50 ARE YOU GOING MAD? Dr Anthony Clare explains that seeing the same films 14 times every Christmas for 39 years might drive you mad. (Repeat.)

12.20 Close.

ITV

10.00 CHRISTMAS SERVICE. ITV programmers gather at the church of St Walter and all Archives to give thanks for the work of Walt Dizknee.

11.00 DIZKNEE AT CHRISTMAS: DUMBO'S GREAT ESCAPE.

2.00 JAMAICYA SICK! Star studded rock show from a luxury yacht off the coast of Jamaica. With Bob Geldof, Paul Young, Rod Stewart and Mick Jagger drinking brown ale and trying to look as though they're not stinking rich, really, but actually freezing in the roofless bedsits of Gateshead like everyone else.

3.10 Film: ESCAPE FROM VON RYAN'S DAUGHTER.

5.00 TELLY ADDICTS. This month featuring contestants from St Luke's home for the mentally dead.

5.30 NEWS. Plus State of the Nation – a Christmas message from President Khomeini of America.

6.00 THE DEGENERATION GAME. A new look and slot for old fave *The Generation Game*. In this version respectable citizens take heroin, watch *The Price Is Right* and revel in pornography to see how fast they can become drooling pathetic figures of fun. Very like the old version, really.

6.30 JAWS II MEETS RAMBO IV. Hearing that Nam vet Rambo has been brainwashed by red temptress Olga (Suzanne Dando) and is now a Commie, a great white shark swims up the Hudson river and swallows most of New York before he finds Rambo (Stallone) on top of the Empire State Building.

9.30 THE UNTOUCHABLES. A compilation of failed deodorant commercials.

12.55 THE EQUALIZER. Aldridge blasts home a 20-yarder in the last minute, denying Chelsea their first win of the season.

2.00 STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

2.10 Close.

CHANNEL4

3.00 OPERATION. Brent Opera version of Rossini's light-hearted tale of a soprano undergoing haemorrhoid removal.

6.20 BARRED! The wry title refers to the fact that Hu Penbitch has been barred from every pub on the Isle of Clat – for reading his poetry. The 98-year-old Bard is the only writer of Clat Gaelic still living (and the only person who can read it, speak it and understand it, also). The programme looks at the beautiful scenery of Clat as Hu reads his poems and translates them into Cornish. No subtitles.

7.20 BLACK, SOUTH AFRICAN DOUBLE-AMPUTEE ONE-PARENT FAMILY CHRISTMAS WITH AIDS. Channel 4 reminds us that not *everyone* is happy this Christmas. And only just in time.

9.00 VON RYAN'S PIZZA EXPRESS.

11.10 FROM US TO YOU. 1965 Beatles spectacular to celebrate 25 years of stagnation in popular music. Although the state of Paul's white suit shows that detergent technology *has* advanced.

12.10 REJOICE. The news team dances around at the thought that Christmas is over and they can start doing some in-depth scaremongering again.

12.20 THE REVOLT OF ISLAM. Will Islamic fundamentalist America start World War III tomorrow? Or will it be the next day?

1.45 Close (*too* damn close, actually). ♣

Clara

Are you one of those growing band of fine, upstanding citizens whose enjoyment of life is greatly enhanced by footwear of a

photographs by william brewster

somewhat kinky nature?

You're in good company if you are, because this fine example of womanhood (Clara, 23, from Guildford) has a penchant for boots that are more than just a bit off the beaten foot. Meaning *what, exactly?*

"Meaning ones like I'm wearing here: long and black with a good heel on 'em. I love PVC, but leather is a real turn-on, too, and it's that that really gets the chaps' peckers twitching. I've yet to fuck a man who isn't bursting to spunk all over the place the instant I lie on my back and stroke his cock and balls with the cool leather. The ones I have on are a great favourite because they can wank off between my knees." ♣

club
CLARA

THE ICE MAN COMETH

For ten thousand years, Outlaw's body has lain deep frozen in his chamber, and his awakening by the Zoids isn't as rude as the existence they have planned for him in the post-holocaust world. "Cometh again and again" is his job description...

by David Alexander

Outlaw didn't know if the house and garden the Zoids had cooked up for him were real or a hallucination. For that matter, Outlaw didn't even know if his own existence was real. Could be the Zoids had his engrams, or whatever the fuck brain impressions were called, programmed into one of their supercomputers and everything he did or thought was just the machine firing off a couple of million circuits.

Even if it all *were* real, it was still so incredible he couldn't believe it. Ten thousand years is a long fucking time to be asleep. Did he say asleep? Make that *dead*. Because that's what Outlaw had been. Deader than shit. A slab of freeze-dried meat inside a cryogenic chamber, flash-frozen to preserve his body when he'd died at the not-so-tender age of 33 in the year 1988.

Outlaw had used to think that his life as a porn star – the man they used to call "Mr Thirteen" because of the size of his enormous rodney – would land him up in hell, sure as come is sticky. And when he found out he had AIDS he thought it sure was a pretty severe payback for screwing any dumbo with a cunt between her legs. But, as it turned out, Outlaw's vocation as a qualified stud proved to be what had decided the Zoids to bring him back to life.

Outlaw had no idea why the Zoids would want to bring back a proven evolutionary dead-end. Mankind, after all, had done nothing but kill and fuck for its entire span, finally destroying itself in an orgasmic nuclear blitz and ushering in the third ice age. Maybe the guys from Sirius didn't know themselves. Whatever their reasons, they started reconstituting human beings from the raw materials they had. Raw materials, as in frozen corpses.

Unlike many of the others who were frozen back in the 1980s, Outlaw hadn't had his biography etched in chrome and inserted in his capsule. With his life story, why bother? It would have been X-rated anyway. Fortunately, when the Zoids got a gander at his huge prick, they knew they had their man.

Outlaw remembered how, a little after he'd been revived, one of the little blue bastards had mimicked a bloke jerking off. He knew right away that they were telling him they wanted a sperm sample. Outlaw obliged them by pumping his prick and squirting ten thousand years' worth of rusty load into a collection dish. After analyzing the sample, they certified him for stud service.

He'd been at it ever since, seeding the carefully-matched vaginas of the women they provided for him from across the devastated planet. How many of those unions proved fertile, Outlaw didn't know. But he guessed from the way they were pushing him to pump pussy day and night that the Zoids were having a tough time making the women conceive.

At least this guaranteed Outlaw a lot of work for the time being. He didn't know what the Zoids would do once the programme got off the ground. Maybe put him out to pasture. Maybe just top him. But for now, anyway, he was loving his work and his work was loving him. He was a porn stud on a global scale. John Holmes would have eaten his heart out.

Didn't have to go anywhere, either. One minute he'd be, say, riding a Jeep around the sand dunes of Liverpool and the next, there'd be a ringing sound from the subcutaneous commo link they'd planted in his skull. A soft androgynous voice would say: "Two minutes to prepare yourself," and give him the specs of the subjects he was to mate with that session (usually in the form of spontaneous images, like a kind of computer overlay that synched in over the scenery). Then there'd be an envelope of glittering light that would surround him, and he'd be where they'd inserted him.

Which is just about what happened to Outlaw now. The voice, the specs and the aura. Then in a flash, he was standing on a pile of rubble-strewn glacial tundra beneath some craggy mountain surface. Hard to believe that this had once been Athens. But that's what it was, according to the Zoids' commo link. The land had risen over the millenia and the seas had washed in, changing the face of the continent. In fact, most of Europe had mashed right into Africa. Not that it mattered; it all looked the same to Outlaw.

His boots crunched along the surface of the glacial scree as he approached the cave mouth. Inside, there were a group of people; shaggy-haired cave people in animal hides. Some cooked over an open fire. Others painted pictures of bison on the walls. The Zoids had decided that mankind would try again. If it was going to make it, it would do so from the ground up. Maybe they'd come back and rebuild it again if humans fucked up again. Who knew?

At Outlaw's approach, the shaggy cave men shrank back against the walls. Most of them bowed down and hid their heads in their hands. Others muttered prayers and made a sign with their hands. Outlaw privately called it

"the god sign". Fast Dancer, Rainbird and the other studs had also noticed the god sign. And Outlaw supposed that to the cave people they *did* look like gods.

In his black leather trousers, boots and mane of flowing hair, Outlaw towered over the shaggy cave dwellers. Being taken for a god was a good thing. The cave dwellers never gave Outlaw any problems when it was time to do his job. In fact, the cave dwellers made it known to the Zoids' studs that they considered having their womenfolk porked by gods a great honour.

This clan was no exception. Outlaw pointed at the woman the Zoids had shown him in his spec overlay and she came toward him. "Dreela," she said, by way of introduction. She sort of reminded him of an early Raquel Welch in *One Million Years BC*.

The fact that the clan was all standing around didn't bother Outlaw one bit. In fact, he kind of enjoyed it. Took him back to his days grinding out sex flicks. The only thing missing was a synthesizer soundtrack with a disco beat. The woman who looked like Raquel understood, too. She got right down on her knees and began smoking his pole with as much gusto as any starlet he'd ever had.

When Outlaw's prick was nice and hard and dripping with Dreela's spit, he whipped it out and positioned her to take it from behind. Her cunt was hot and greased for fucking. Outlaw eased his long, hard prick deep inside her and began pumping.

Dreela pumped back, clenching her fists while her buttocks banged against Outlaw's feverishly thrusting pole, her screams of delight echoing and bouncing off the bare rock walls. The rest of the cave dwellers watched. They looked like they were enjoying the show.

Outlaw had her lick the dripping sperm that oozed down the head and shaft of his prick after he'd fired off his load.

Outlaw barely had enough time to join the Bear Clan in a slab of mastodon steak (the Zoids had reconstituted Mastodons found frozen in Siberia) when the Zoids' control voice told him he had to split to another engagement.

> She began smoking his pole with as much gusto as any starlet he'd had

When the scene shifted, Outlaw found himself face-to-face with Fast Dancer. He was a well-muscled black guy whom Outlaw had worked with before. He used to be an American: now he was just a stud. Fast Dancer's prick was big, but not as big as Outlaw's.

"Where you be comin' from?" Fast Dancer asked Outlaw.

"Athens," Outlaw answered, producing a pack of Players and offering Fast Dancer a smoke. Both lit up, dragging deeply. Where the Zoids had got Players from, Outlaw didn't know.

"Been there last week," Outlaw said. "Who you ball? Little redhead, sorta like Raquel Welch?" Outlaw nodded. "Figured. Them Zoids wasting they time," Fast Dancer went on. "They never gonna get no rugrat out of her."

Outlaw nodded. He flicked his cigarette butt into the waters of the fast-flowing river that cut through the dry desert canyon floor 200 feet below the mesa on which the two stood. The river was fed by the still-dissolving polar ice cap that still covered most of the continental landmasses in the northern hemisphere.

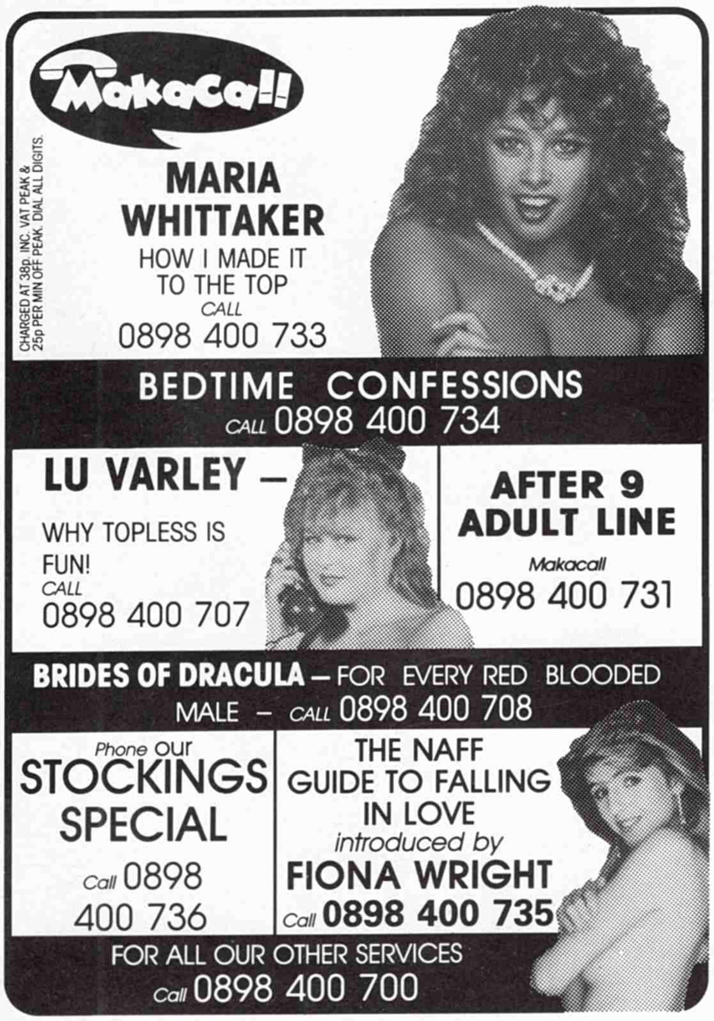
"Hard to believe this used to be Sweden." Fast Dancer nodded, stooped, grabbed up a handful of glacial scree and began pitching dark grey pebbles over the cliff edge.

"Fucking Sweden," he said as he pitched. "Didn't they used to make Volvos?"

"Yeah, Volvos," Outlaw said. "And blue-eyed blondes with big, milky tits."

"Britt Ekland."

continued on page 98



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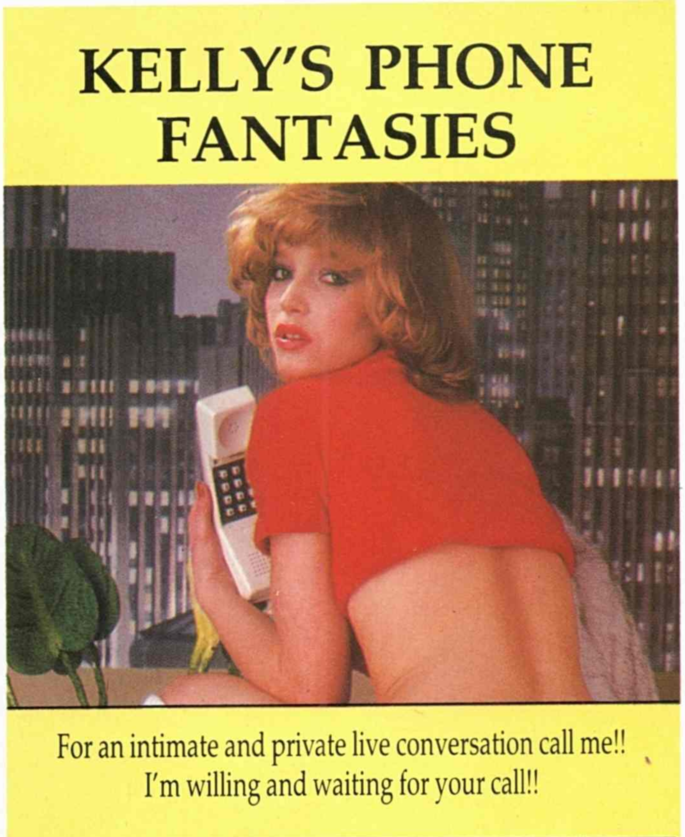

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STUNT, PUNT AND GRUNT
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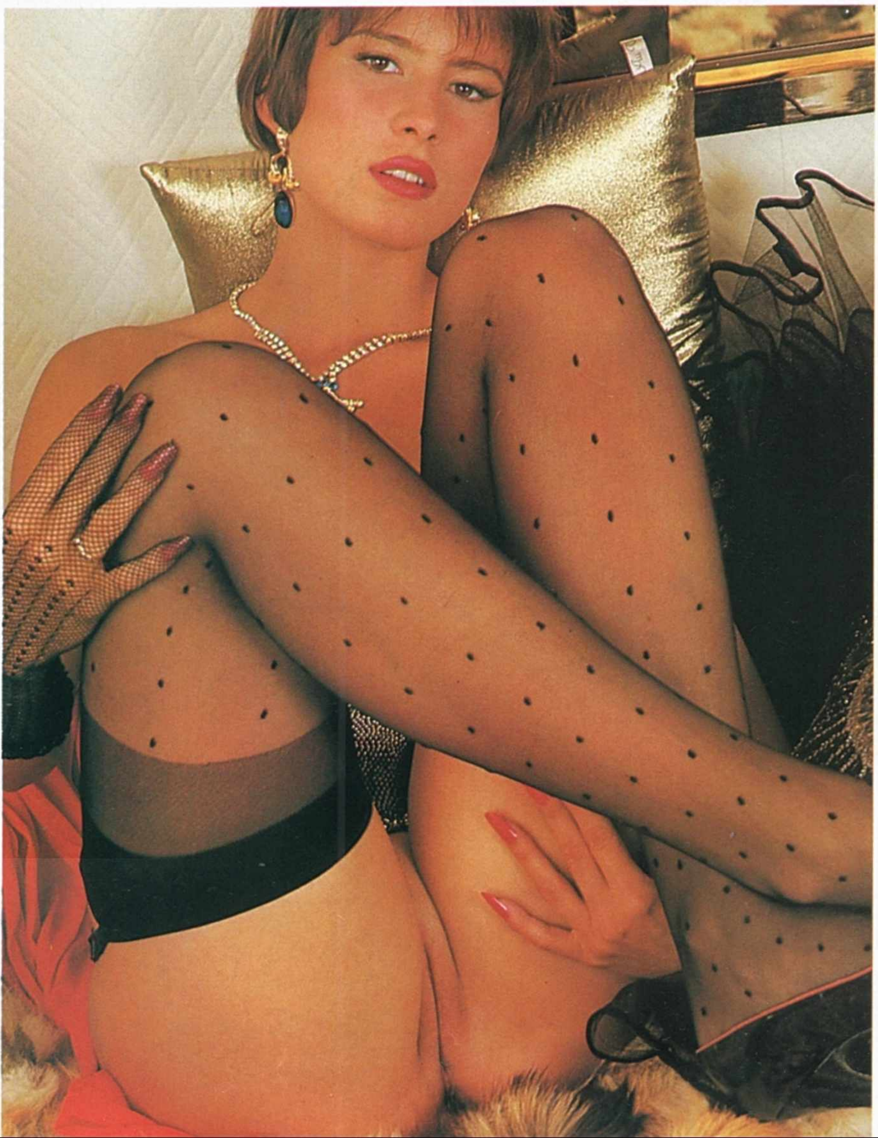
GET 'EM ORF

Colette

Photographed by John Beze

My God, you smoothie lovers are really having it all your own way this month, aren't you? Elsewhere in the book, you've got Large Lu showing us she likes the clean-cut look for the bits no one's seen before (until now). And here, 20-year-old Colette demonstrates how much of a dab hand she is with the old Ladyshave. And none of this personal hygiene nonsense, either – it's all done in the name of sexual pleasure. "I think being smooth makes it easier for some men to find my little button . . . you know the one?" Er, well, we have *heard word of it, now you come to mention it. But do go on. "And*



also, the sight of a bald pussy seems to arouse men. It really brings out the animal in them. And I'm all for that."

JULIE

Photographs by Wavelength

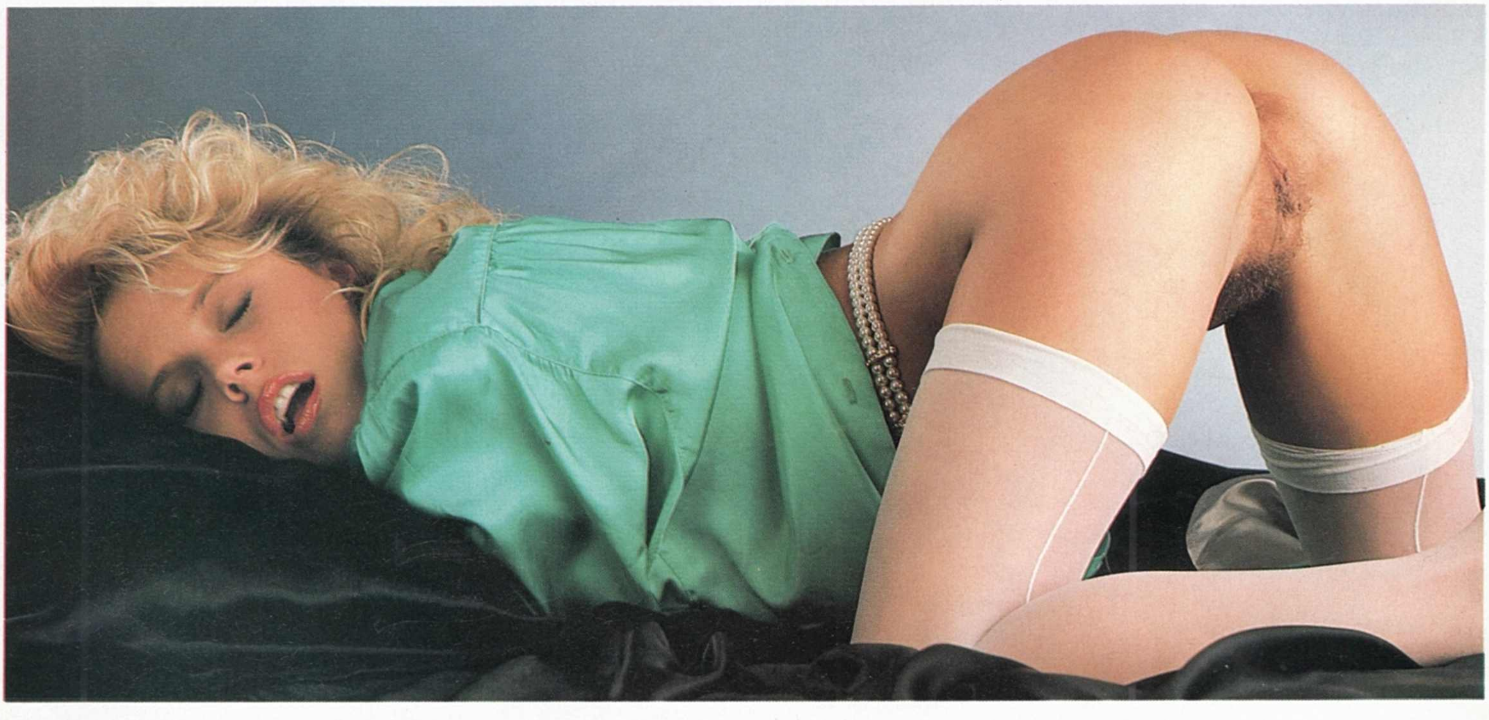
Julie Honsman really is the kind of girl you want to see again. I mean, we're used to some hefty sacks of post here at Raymond Towers, but we haven't had a concerted campaign of phone calls before.

And every one of you was demanding another full set of Julie – no one was going to be satisfied with just a few pix in our Come Again *section.*

Julie's appearance in our centrefold back in Volume 16 Number 10 was the first she's made in Britain – and our 19-year-old from Basingstoke was

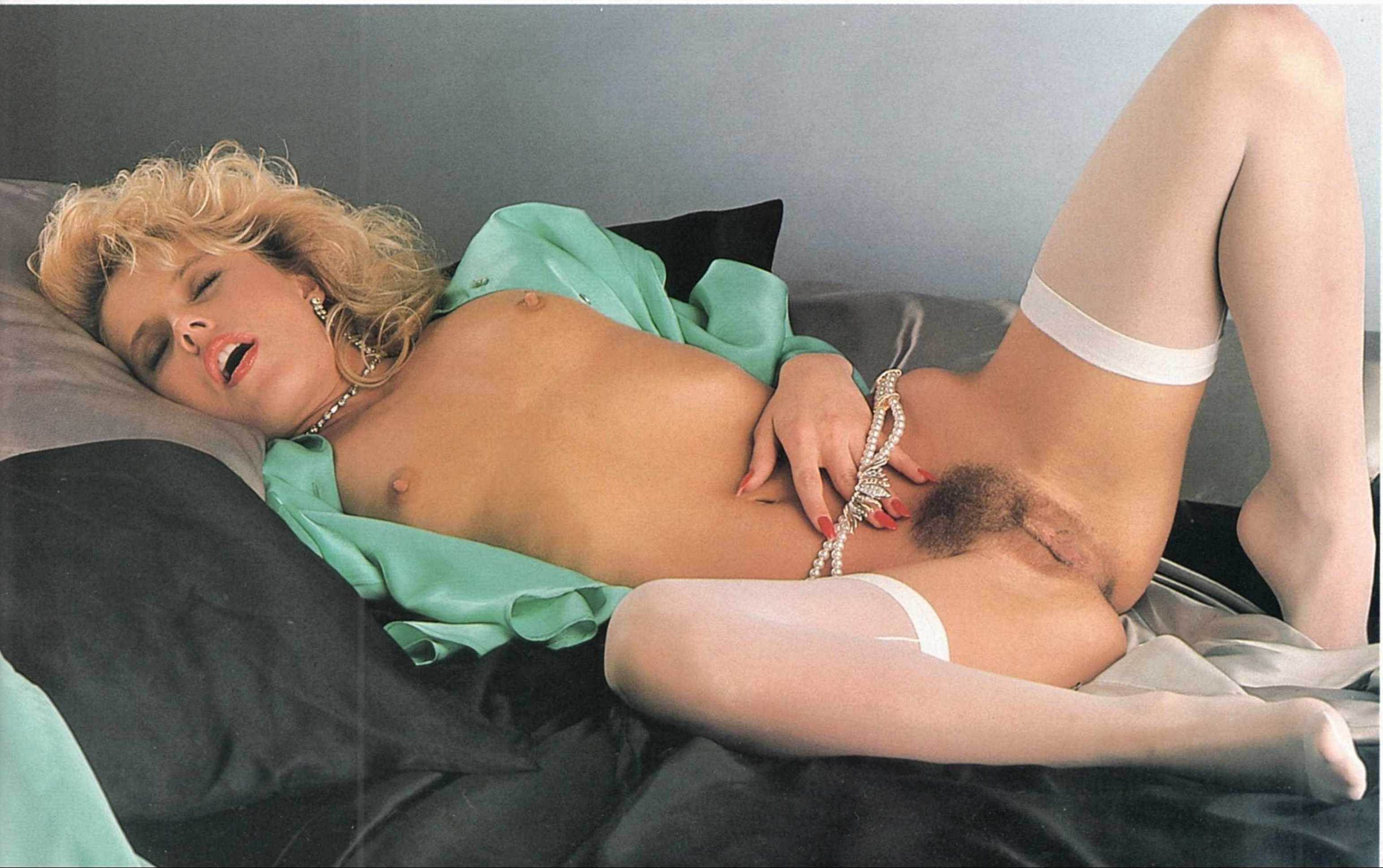
shocked at the amount of response she had. "I've appeared in a couple of magazines in America, but I never heard anything more from them – perhaps they didn't pass the letters on. But from my first appearance in Club I had hundreds of letters from men! Some were really polite, and some were saying they'd like to do the most incredible things with me!

"A lot of them were about my not being able to find a man to



satisfy me. I've had some very interesting offers!"

So keep the post rolling in boys. If you send enough letters, I suppose we'll just have to ask Julie back again . . .



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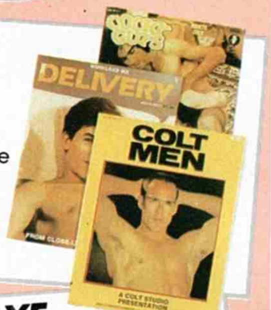
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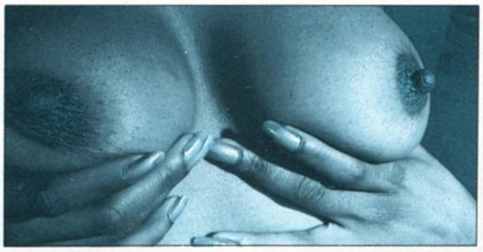

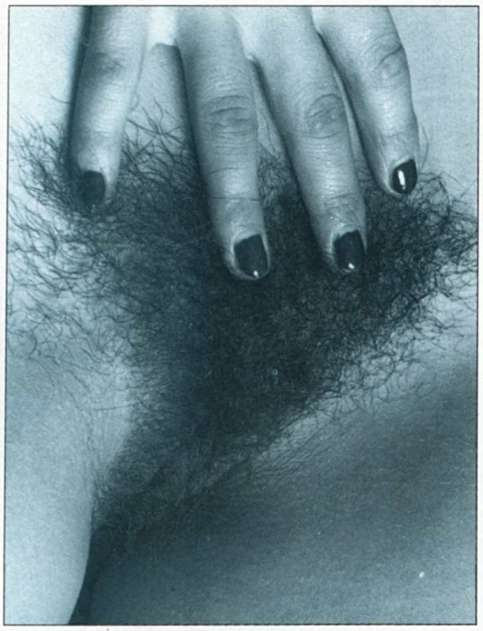

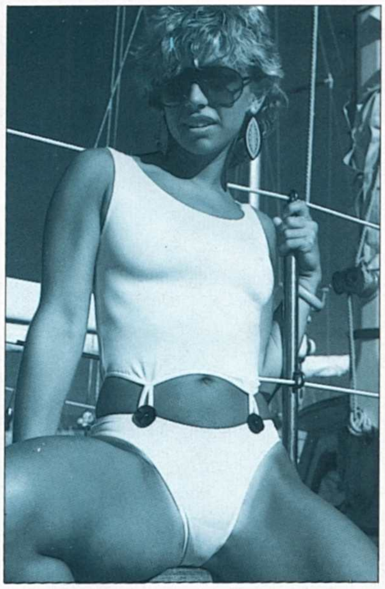

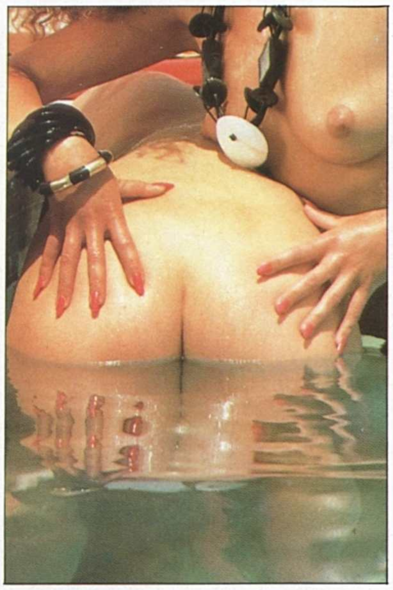

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On the job

Workers' playtime with a bang

You get to see it all, you know, chambermaiding in the Park Lane hotels. It doesn't matter how vigorously you announce your presence when entering a room, there's always the couple obliviously humping away in the bathroom with the tranny turned full up, or the guy lying bollock naked on the bed wanking over dirty books with his deaf aid on the bedside table. Then you get the sleazos, male *and* female, who deliberately don't hear you knock and enter. They try to shock you with their antics, like the couple I encountered a couple of weeks ago. The chap was using a vibrator on his girl, with a black rubber condom rolled over it. She was on her hands and knees, hanging on to the headboard and wiggling her arse like a proper slut. She looked round and smiled at me, innocent as you like. Then she came out and said something so downright filthy, I can't even bear to repeat it.

If people are paying upwards of £150 a night for a room, they seem to think it's their God-given right to treat hotel staff like servants, and it's always the poor chambermaid who bears the brunt. You're seldom tipped, you never get to take home more than £90 a week, and some of the things you find between the sheets after couples have checked out, you wouldn't believe: spent Durexes, pornographic Polaroids, rolled-up tubes of KY, spunky knickers, you name it.

Room guests will do anything short of actually grabbing you, to intimidate you. By far the most revolting thing that's happened to me in recent months was an experience with a honeymoon couple from up North. They were sitting watching TV when I walked in with my cleaning trolley, and the lady casually asked me to pass her a pair of high-heeled shoes she'd left on the dresser. As I picked them up I felt something slippery on my fingers, and it was all I could do not to scream when I realized one of the shoes was splattered with come. The couple started sniggering, and I was so furious I had to rush downstairs and take a swig from the head porter's hipflask to calm myself down.

Now and again, I might just see somebody I fancy. I like the young businessmen from Scandinavia best of all, with their nice looks, short blond hair, long legs and nice, tight little bots. They're nice and polite, too, especially the Swedes: always a kind word and the occasional friendly pat on the bum. When I first started this job, all innocent and misty-eyed, I'd dream of being swept off my feet by one of those rich young chaps, whisked off to Stockholm to spend the rest of my life being vigorously fucked and producing lots and lots of beautiful blonde, blue-eyed babies.

But I soon wised-up, with the help of Jurgen, mainly. He was a dashing six-footer from Malmo who worked as a consultant engineer. I walked into his room late one morning and found him lying in the bath with a pair of headphones on, completely unaware of my presence. His eyes were closed and he was blissfully stroking his enormous, rock-hard prick. There was a jar of Vaseline and a box of Kleenex beside the bath, and he was well into his stride. He looked so young and lean and lovely, I felt a twinge of pity that he should have to waste his come in such a lonely way.

When he opened his eyes and caught me staring, the poor guy nearly died of embarrassment. He grabbed a towel to cover himself and apologized effusively. I smiled a coy little smile, turned my back, and wiggle-walked next door to make the bed. It was a blatant come-on on my part, and my heart pounded as I waited for his reaction.

I was leaning over the mattress, tucking-in a fresh bottom sheet, when in he walked. I could see his reflection in the dressing table mirror. He was wearing a tiny towel around his waist, and he was staring at my bottom. My stockingtops were showing, and I couldn't have made it more obvious I was putting myself on offer if I'd tried. His response was basic, to say the least . . .

"Do you feel like some

cock?" he asked, his embarrassment evidently having disappeared down the plughole with the bath water. A real Mr Subtle, this one.

I looked around, and he promptly whipped off his towel. His prick stood vertically, a monster of a thing, flush with his flat, hairless belly. It was plastered with Vaseline.

"You're taking a right gamble," I said. "Security is never more than 30 seconds away in this place. But it's your lucky day. I quite fancy you, as it happens. Shall I take my knickers off?"

I could sense his cock harden further still as I sat on the bed and parted my knees to make my skirt ride up. My panties were already wet. I wrapped my fingers around the elastic and yanked the silky crotch up between my labia and hard across my clit. Again and again.

"I enjoy wanking like this," I said, as the young Swede kneeled in front of me, staring obsessively at the way my fleshy petals were forced apart by the taut, wet strip of black silk. "Go and get the Vaseline and smear it all over my knickers and cunt," I said, shamelessly. "Let's get ourselves really sexed-up before we get down to business."

Of course, it goes without saying the dirty bugger wanted me to keep my black stockings on; to pull my Vaseline-impregnated panties aside and tickle my clit with my feather duster; to put his slippery dick between my lips and ruin my lipstick; to feel around inside my bottom-crack, and to try and mount me way too soon. I think he came mighty close to spunking.

Well, that much I could handle, but it was when he manoeuvred me back into the bathroom that I thought his kinkiness was getting a bit over-the-top, and I told him there was absolutely no way I was letting him tit-fuck me while I sat on the toilet, unless he let me put the lid down first. Even though my nipples were by now all swollen and pointy, I thought they looked silly all lipsticked, but Jurgen said they looked "wonnerfull". Then he opened another tub of lubricant and massaged the whole damn lot into my boobs.

"You're not seriously suggesting I suck it!" I protested. "It's all yukky!" He stood astride me as I squatted on the bog, his giant, greasy prick in my cleavage, my ravaged nipples protruding from between his fingers.

"Really I can't!" I wailed, rolling the oily foreskin to and fro, gingerly kissing the crown of the glistening, purple knob.

"Oh no?" he kept repeating, bucking his hips and pushing more and more cock into my mouth. "Oh no?"

What was the point in feigning revulsion, when it was so painfully obvious the *only* thing I wanted was to have him in my mouth? No matter if it tasted odd, it felt fucking lovely!

"You can do it all over me if you want," I offered, taking a breather. "Would you like to see it all dribbling from the corners of my mouth?"

But Jurgen declined, withdrawing his cock and leading the way back to the bedroom. I clocked his tight, muscular buttocks, and the way they hollowed, like Nureyev's, at the sides. God, he was tasty!

"Put your shoes back on," he ordered, brusquely. "And that silly little hat and pinafore. Dressed like that, I'll give you the fuck of a lifetime."

I remembered the woman I'd seen that morning in Room 116, clutching the headboard for dear life, knees spread, arse in the air, her great, whore's cunt as ripe as a peach. I decided to follow her example. Besides, most men prefer it doggy-style: there's nothing they like more than to feast their eyes on a nice little arsehole while prodding a fat, wet cunt.

"Taste me," I said, before getting on the bed, slipping two fingers between my thighs and offering them to him to suck. "Do you reckon I'm ready for you?"

Jurgen grabbed my fist, licked it dotingly, then slapped my arse, called me a "little tramp", and bundled me on to the still-unmade bed. Obviously, he'd decided the formalities were over. No sooner had I positioned myself for him, than I felt his knob nudging my pouting

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cunt. Secretly I was hoping he'd tongue me before he'd started, but it wasn't to be. The way he dug his fingers into my bum-flesh proved he meant business, and suddenly he was up me so incredibly deep, his pubic hair tickled my fanny. God, we must have looked so good together.

"You're so big, it feels like you're stretching me!" I panted, really envious of the view he must have had back there. "When you come, do it deep, will you? I can't stand all this pulling out and spunking up the back routine!"

As his poking and prodding gained momentum, Jurgen started talking dirty, asking questions that made my ears turn red. Did I enjoy the feeling of spunk inside me? Did I want him to make me pregnant? Was he the biggest man I'd had? Had I ever done it with two men? Five minutes of this, and there was no stopping our inevitable, wonderful, entirely mutual orgasm.

Panicking that I'd been AWOL nearly an hour, I took a quick shower, slipped back into my uniform, and left Jurgen on the bed, knackered and almost asleep. My workmate Maisie was furious I'd gone missing, and doubly furious when she spotted my drawers stuffed in my top pocket. Luckily, an Arab lady slipped me a fiver later in the day, which I passed on to Maisie by way of thanks for covering for me. Poor old Maze. I don't think she gets much cock at home.

I spent the rest of the day worrying about what I'd let slip at the height of our fuck. Stupidly, I'd gleefully admitted to having once "done it" with two chaps. It was only a one-off, in fact, at a New Year's Eve party some years ago, with two Italians. But try telling that to Jurgen! He was convinced he had a real raver on his hands.

The next day I tried to get Maisie to do his room, but she wasn't having any of it. I had this horrible feeling he had something tacky in store, and I could well do without him regarding me as his private slag. That was the last thing I wanted.

But it wasn't Jurgen who answered the door. I pushed the cleaning trolley in, fully under the impression Sexy Pants had checked out. It was only when I bent down to plug the Hoover in, and a

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hand shot up the back of my skirt and goosed my quim, I discovered he was anywhere but Heathrow-bound!

"This is my colleague, Sven," he said as I swung around, really uptight at being groped so crudely. "He's almost as handsome as me!"

Jurgen grinned really maddeningly, standing there reeking of aftershave in his shortie terrycloth robe. Just as I thought, it'd been a big mistake, letting-on I'd had a threesome. It must have been the bit about having two pricks in my mouth that took his fancy! Still, the choice was mine. What was it to be? Twenty minutes cleaning and bedmaking, or a kinky threesome? I lifted my skirt.

"See?" I said, pulling my pantie-crotch aside and baring my sex. "Black ones again! But if you two want to do naughty things with me, I'm calling the shots. Fair's fair."

"I think she wants you to eat her," said Jurgen's pal, blandly.

So there I stood, legs apart, bang in the middle of the room, with Jurgen on his knees in front of me, lapping my cunt, while his mate slipped his prick inside my drawers from behind and gently wanked himself into my crack. Jurgen gobbled so expertly, I went all weak at the knees as I climaxed, clutching his shoulders to keep my balance.

A right charmer, was Jurgen's friend. "Let's get her on the bed and get it over with," he said, yanking my panties down around my ankles. "Or we'll miss our 11 o'clock appointment."

Sexist bloody animal! Like all men, the minute you let on you're into it, they take you for granted. Next thing you know, you're a veritable fuck machine. A disgusting state of affairs!

I lay on the bed with my stockinged thighs well apart, and Jurgen buried his face in my pussy, holding my sex open and wiggling his tongue around inside me. Sven, meanwhile, busied himself with my tits for a minute or two, before straddling my chest and feeding his heavily-veined dick into my mouth. I sucked on it greedily, like a whore, while thrilling to the sensations which coarsed through my cunt. I was just outrageously turned-on.

"I want both your pricks in my mouth – now!" I said, eager to spice things up further still. "Just like in one of your saucy Swedish videos!"

It was quite an effort, squeezing them both in, and I could see Jurgen's pal was a bit apprehensive at the intimate cock-to-cock contact. However, the minute I brought my tongue into play they both got so steamed-up, they quickly forgot their little "gay encounter", as well they might with their hands so full of tit and cunt. I started wanking them off, my hands moving in synch, far from sure who was going to shoot his lot first. I was tossing away at such a pace my wrists were beginning to ache, when suddenly Jurgen pulled away and let fly with a colossal jet of jism streaking my neck and dripping directly into my cleavage, and his chum followed suit just a second or two later, filling my mouth with his warm pearls of sperm.

"I don't suppose you want to know me, now you've both had your way," I said, sitting up and straightening my stockings. But, as I say, the Swedes are real gentlemen. Jurgen and Co. called round to my flat in Clapham that night and took me to a posh restaurant in Chelsea. We went nightclubbing till 2 am, then they drove me home, Jurgen getting really uptight because his chum was getting all the finger-pie on the back seat.

Naturally, I invited them both upstairs for coffee, and Jurgen got quite excited when I started modelling some kinky white latex undies one of my pervy ex's had given me for our Saturday night sex sessions. Sven declared he was missing his wife and sat watching the Channel 4 late movie in the front room, while Jurgen got his rocks off playing with himself, watching me stretching my skimpy, see-through rubber knickers tight over my hot little slit.

See? Even a boring old chambermaid's job has its perks. But at 26, I'm hardly old, and I've yet to have a man between my knees who says I'm boring. – *Emma, Clapham*

Women's Writes

Where the girls get down to business

THREE FOR ALL

Back in September my boyfriend and I rented a luxury villa in Tuscany, near Montepescali. We hadn't had a break for well over a year, and we wanted somewhere to go where we could have a bit of privacy. The tour company assured us we'd have the villa to ourselves, so I was rather put out to discover there was a live-in housekeeper, and even more put out that she looked more like a porno actress then a domestic. Unfortunately, my boyfriend didn't exactly share my dismay. On our second night, I caught him necking with her in the kitchen. It was only when they disentangled I saw that it was even worse than that: Aidan had her skirt up, and was fingerfucking her.

Some holiday, right? We had a terrible row, and I threatened to pack my bags and leave, not that I had any serious intention of leaving my lover and the housekeeper alone together for a whole fortnight's paid-for fucking and sucking. So Aidan and I kissed and made up, and I let him lick my cunt as I lay in bed reading Italian *Vogue*. To add excitement to the proceedings, I took the tallow candle from the antique bedside lantern, pulled back the sheets, and goosed myself with it while my boyfriend kneeled beside me, tossing himself off and eventually coming all over my boobs.

The next two days were idyllic. I sunbathed naked in the pool on an inflatable sunlounger, while Aidan amused himself taking arty photos in the adjoining woods and olive groves with his whizzo new Nikon. Then, over dinner and God knows how much vino, he dropped the bombshell: Isabella the housekeeper had the hots for me, he said, and how did I feel about letting her into our bed later on?

All I can say is Aidan was mighty lucky I was so pissed, because wine is always guaranteed to make me (a) act foolishly and (b) incredibly randy. But for my stockings I was completely naked, merrily sucking Aidan off as he lay on the bed tending his sunburn with Ambre Solaire, when Isabella walked in. Drunk as I was, I couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy, seeing the way he ogled her as she walked across the room in just her panties, shoes and stockings. She had an amazing figure, just like the young Sophia Loren, and my jealousy almost bubbled over when she climbed on the bed, curled up alongside Aidan, and started snogging with him. I didn't know whether to continue gobbling, or to get up and walk out in a huff.

"Pull her knickers off," said Aidan, from which point I needed no further encouragement. It was up to me to take the initiative, I decided, instead of lying there like some silly, coy, little fuckpig.

Aidan got to his knees and started sucking the housekeeper's nipples, while I wriggled down between her splendid thighs and plated her. Her pubes were thick and springy and jet black, her clit was almost the size of a marble, and her long, purplish labia denoted a biggish cunt. I slipped two straight fingers into her wetness, then a couple more, no sweat. She'd have Aidan's humble 6½ inches for dinner!

I'm really at a loss, how to describe almost 1½ hours of thrashing around in the gloom, except to say that everything that was possible for two girls and a guy to get up to, we got up to. I climaxed three, if not four, times, but I made double sure my boyfriend came off in fine style. Isabella, having herself a lovely time sitting astride my face with my tongue flickering dotingly around her big clitoris, sucked him off slowly and meticulously, with much dribbling and vulgar slurping, until he was groaning and cursing and literally filling her mouth with spunk. And then she and I tongue-kissed, hands full of each other's boobs, whorishly exchanging his little hot, salty puddles of spunk.

Aidan immediately crashed out (very obligingly!) and Isabella led me upstairs to her bedroom, where she introduced me to the pleasures of being screwed with a French tickler-covered vibrator. She, Aidan and I spent the remaining days of our holiday together, and I returned home suntanned, utterly satiated, and thoroughly cured of my jealous streak. – *Katie, Surrey*

AD-VENTURE

I was on the books at a West End model agency for almost a year, with only three teenybop magazine undies ads to my credit, when some bright account exec. from an advertising agency decided I was a dead-ringer for one of the Shangri-Las, and duly booked me for a TV tights commercial. I said I thought the Shangri-Las were only remembered for their beehive hairdos, to which he replied, charmingly: "Don't get fucking smart. I only booked you 'cos you've got a nice arse and you looked like you could use the cash."

He was talking serious money, so giving him a quick wank while he leaned against the door to keep his secretary from coming in, seemed a small price to pay. There were no tissues handy at the vital moment, so I had to mop-up with my knickers. Ugh!

The next day I had a meet with the set stylist and the "concept man", a horrible little sleaze in a Stephen King suit and pink-rimmed specs. I reckon the word had got out that I was a bit on the randy side, because the first thing he wanted was to see what I looked like in my undies, to see what my "strong points" were, in his words. When he saw I was wearing stockings he developed a chronic bulge in his baggy strides, and when he packed the set stylist and his assistant off to an early lunch, I knew things were going to get tacky.

Christ! I thought to myself: *Do I really need all this*? He had me stand with my bum against the wash basin in the poxy little kitchen, legs apart, rubbing my clit. I was trying for the life of me to get in a sexy mood, which was pretty difficult in the circumstances. He had a horrible German porno magazine, full of photos of big black men doing unmentionable things with their hands to blonde girls dressed as nurses, and he kept holding the pictures up for me to see, saying: "There! Have a look at that! Does that turn you on? How'd you like that done to you, then?"

I ask you, what a pervo! I made a big show of having a fabulous orgasm, saying all the things he wanted to hear, like: "Oh, God, he's being so beastly! Oh, I'd love that inside me! I'd love it!" and the next thing I know, he's shot his lot all down my leg.

All I can say is, if he's the agency's creative director, God help the agency. His brilliant idea was to film me in profile, in sexy undies and a man's Valentino dinner jacket, miming sax to some yakkety old Johnny and the Hurricanes number.

Fortunately, the video crew were different class, with a strong record in the pop promo field. The director was an absolute hunk, all willowy and academic and silvery-haired, but he was one crafty bastard. We got the commercial in the can after just seven takes, then it was all over the road to the wine bar for Veuve Clicquot all round. Alan, the director, sidled up to me and asked me how I felt about "making a few extra quid". Swearing me to secrecy, he told me he and his lighting cameraman were in the habit of using discarded stage sets for "private work", and wanted to know if I'd be interested in taking part in a saucy video for £500 cash. I agreed (only because I fancied the idea of being filthy with him there).

An hour later, we were back in the studio, now deserted, and I stripped down to my undies again, this time minus knickers, bra and DJ.

Alan said I was a natural, the way I got it together with the two young guys he'd hauled out of the wine bar on the promise of £50 each – the cheapskate! All he offered by way of direction was: "Just get on with it," so I squatted on one young chap's prick while he lay on the floor, while his mate stood beside us, wanking off into my mouth. After five minutes of this they swapped around, then, rather unimaginatively, I thought, one came his lot into me from behind while I knelt doggy-style, gobbling his pal. Only later did I realize they were brothers.

Afterwards, Alan grabbed my bottom, pushed his finger into a naughty place, and said I was "a very naughty girl indeed". Perhaps that's why he's been seeing me twice a week ever since. – *Josie, London W11*

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That'll be the lay

Sex with style from the rock 'n' roll years

There were only two women for me in the 50s – would you believe they were Joan Collins and Brigitte Bardot? Neither of them seemed that much older than me and they both sort of combined a real high-powered sexy glamour with a girl-next-door look. I was a complete film maniac and went to see everything. When I saw Joan Collins in *Our Girl Friday* I was knocked sideways. And then Bardot! After watching her in *Doctor at Sea* I decided I'd never miss another of her films if I could help it – and to hell with the subtitles.

The sultry English beauty and the pert French pussycat – that's what I wanted for Christmas, every year from about 1956 to 1960. I didn't get them, of course, but I did get the girl next door – Claire, her name was, and I thought that had a kind of French ring to it. She also had something of the Collins looks – slim, dark-haired with a way of looking at you sideways, out of the corner of her eyes and sort of half-smiling as if she knew something I didn't.

I found out that this was true. Claire knew how to get a male between her thighs and keep him there until she'd milked every drop of juice from him. You wouldn't have thought so to look at her, though – apart from that sly glance she'd sometimes give.

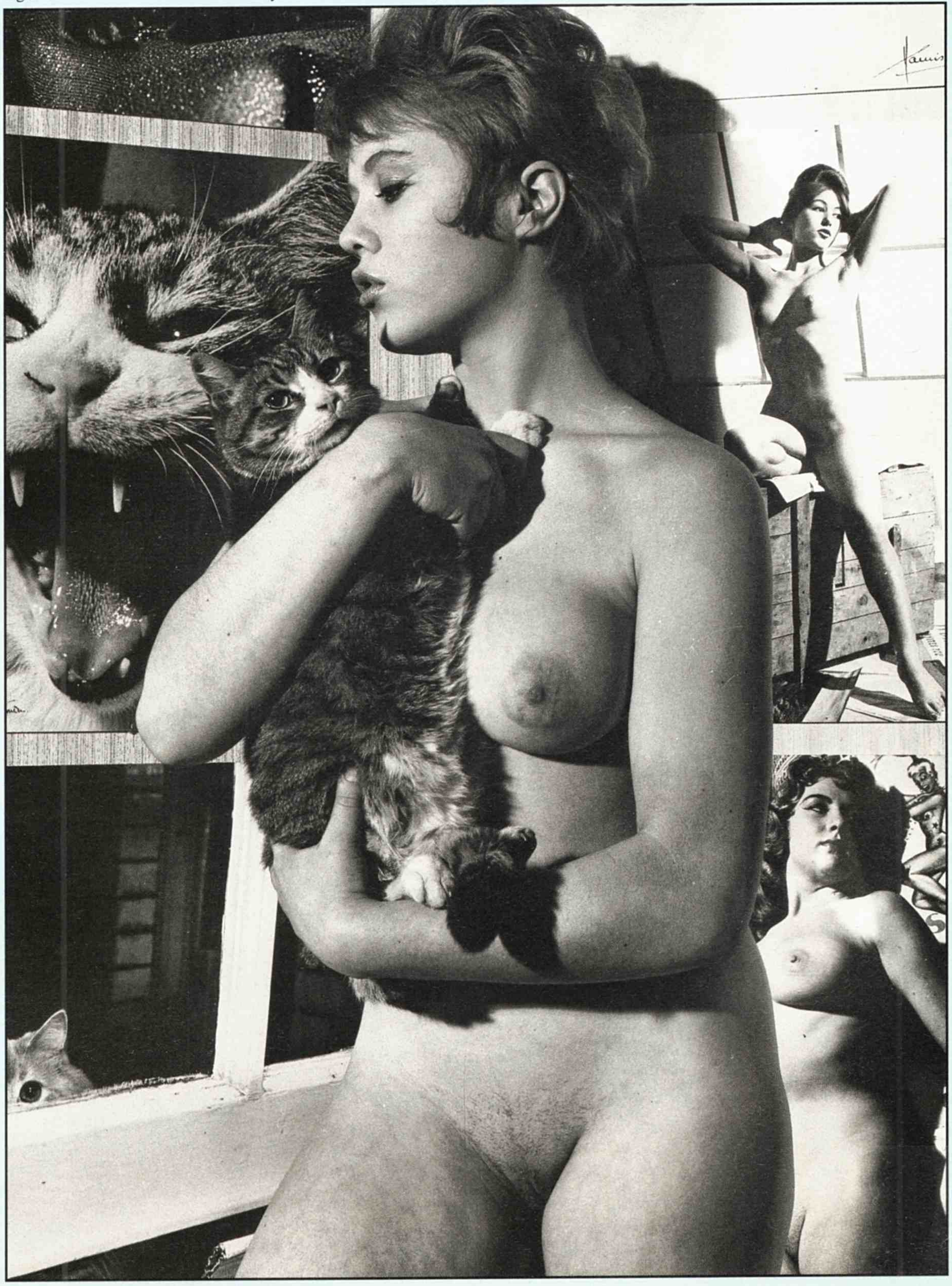
Since I'd always lived next door and our parents were friends, I'd always tended to take Claire for granted, regarding her more as a sister or a mate than anything else. Until that long, hot summer of 1957, that is. I remember one evening I was knocking about in the front garden and Claire came out of her house, dressed up for a night out somewhere. I did a full double-take. Compared to the way girls dress today she probably looked like a baby, but to me she looked fantastic.

She had a longish, flared skirt on and a white blouse, but what turned me on was that round her waist she had a wide, very tight shiny black belt which showed off her slimness and pulled the top tight over her breasts which stood out firm and pointed. She had a ribbon round her hair which flowed gently over her shoulders. She grinned and waved. I grinned and waved back – feeling like a 10-year-old who couldn't go out to play with the grown-ups!

I changed all that – quickly. I started watching what the kids were wearing on television (remember *6.5 Special*?) and got myself some jeans and tried for what I thought was a James Dean look. I asked Claire where she went to have fun and plucked up courage to ask her if I could take her one night. She shrugged and said why not.

I won't go into all the details – enough to say that by the end of the summer I was a great lad about town. It wasn't all that great by today's standards – skiffle clubs, jazz at the local, coffee bars after closing time and slow walks home. At first, Claire and I just went out together as friends, but just as I'd changed my view of her that evening, I think she was starting to change her view of me.

It happened very quickly. It had been a quiet, not very



interesting night in the town and when we got to our usual coffee bar there was nobody we knew there. Just one of those evenings. Suddenly, instead of having a crowd of friends to laugh and joke with we were left to ourselves and the atmosphere started getting rather heavy. I slipped my arm round her and held her hand. Not only did she not complain, she responded.

Although it was late September it was a warm night and we walked home with our arms round each other. Without saying a word we automatically took a short cut through a local park. Once inside, I guided her to a tree and put my arms round her, seeking her lips for a kiss.

I was thoroughly taken aback by what happened. In a flash her mouth was open, her tongue was lashing mine, one hand was mussing my hair, and the other was pulling me towards her. It was like going from 0 to 90 mph in a couple of seconds. I needed no further encouragement after that. My hands were on those small, firm tits. I undid her blouse and slipped my hand inside. Claire wasn't wearing a bra – my hand met warm, willing flesh, soft and supple, her nipples making tantalizing hard islands on the satiny skin. She sighed and groaned and ground her hips against me until I thought I was going to come in my trousers there and then. I must have gasped or something, because she stopped at once and just relaxed as I licked her tits and sucked on her hard, little nipples. As I said, Claire was experienced.

We moved away from the tree into a darker part of the park, and found a patch of grass to lie on. Immediately I lifted her wide skirt up –

slowly – sliding my hands along her thighs as I did so. She was wearing fine stockings and a neat suspender belt but – my second surprise that night – no panties. My hand slid off her stockings on to her bare thigh and when I expected to meet silk, I met the touch of crisp hair. My fingers explored – the tenderness, the softness and very soon, the first trickles of moisture. Claire lay flat on her back as I caressed and felt her. I could just see the gleam of the tops of her thighs and the well of darkness in between. I felt an urge to put my mouth down there, but something stopped me, don't know what . . .

Then her hand was on my trouser belt. She undid it like an expert and unbuttoned my flies with one swift move. I was wearing underwear, of course – Y-fronts, which seemed so sexy and daring in those days! Claire knew about Y-fronts. She didn't bother to fumble in the little gap at the front but just yanked the whole garment down over my hips. She held my cock for a minute, running her fingers along it, feeling its size – then her mouth went down on it. She gave a fabulous blow job. At the time I thought it was pure heaven – but, then, it had never happened to me before! It has since, many times, and I'm here to tell you that nobody could touch Claire. She knew when to suck hard, when to do little more than breathe on it, when to be rough and when to just cradle it and run her slippery fingers along its length.

Because Claire was my first real experience of full-out, no-holds-barred sex I was dreadfully spoiled. You see, I thought *all* girls would be like that, would be as willing, enthusiastic and as good as she was. That first night in the park, for example, I actually came in her mouth. She made me. I tried to withdraw in time but she stopped me. She swallowed the lot. It was several years before I met another girl who'd do that.

Even after that experience, she and I stayed more like good pals than lovers and, in fact, she tactfully encouraged me to go out with other girls. But I was completely spoiled for her deft fingers and hungry mouth. I do remember Felicity, though – we called her Flic, of course. Where Claire was lithe and slender, Flic was opulent and even, some might say, overblown. She had thick, blonde hair which tumbled down her back almost to her waist. Usually she tied it up in a pony-tail, but sometimes she'd let it flow free, a tangled mass of curls. I used to love burying my nose in it.

I liked burying my nose down between her legs, too. I'd get her to strip off, apart from her stockings (another legacy from Claire, that – and I still like my women to keep their stockings on, *real* stockings, that is, not tights) and lie face-down on the couch. She'd join in the game, glancing wickedly at me over her shoulder, tossing her hair back, kicking one leg in the air and dangling her shoe from one foot.

Then she'd let one leg slip off the settee on to the floor, and the gap between her legs would open up slightly. She had rich, round, sumptuous buttocks and underneath was a tantalizing, teasing glimpse of her cunt, a soft, delicate purse waiting to be filled with the liquid cash I was ready to pour into it. I'd kneel beside her, caressing and squeezing her white buttocks and getting my nose and mouth down between her thighs, tickling her cunt lips with my tongue, teasing them and probing them apart. Flic would start off by giggling and squirming a bit, but soon my techniques would get through. She'd still moan and wriggle, but only through her growing excitement. Then she'd lift herself up a little so I could get right underneath, and she'd raise her buttocks slightly, showing herself wet and open, spread like a flower, inviting me to plunge myself into her.

I sometimes wonder what happened to Claire and Flic – my first two real sex partners. I saw a snap of Bardot the other day looking as great as ever – and we all know about Joan Collins. Yes, as far as I'm concerned, the 50s produced a splendid breed of girls, girls who could deliver the goods who have worn well and I bet most of them are still ready to deliver those goods. – *Jim, Lancaster*

Aaaargh! It's the Christmas Club EVENT

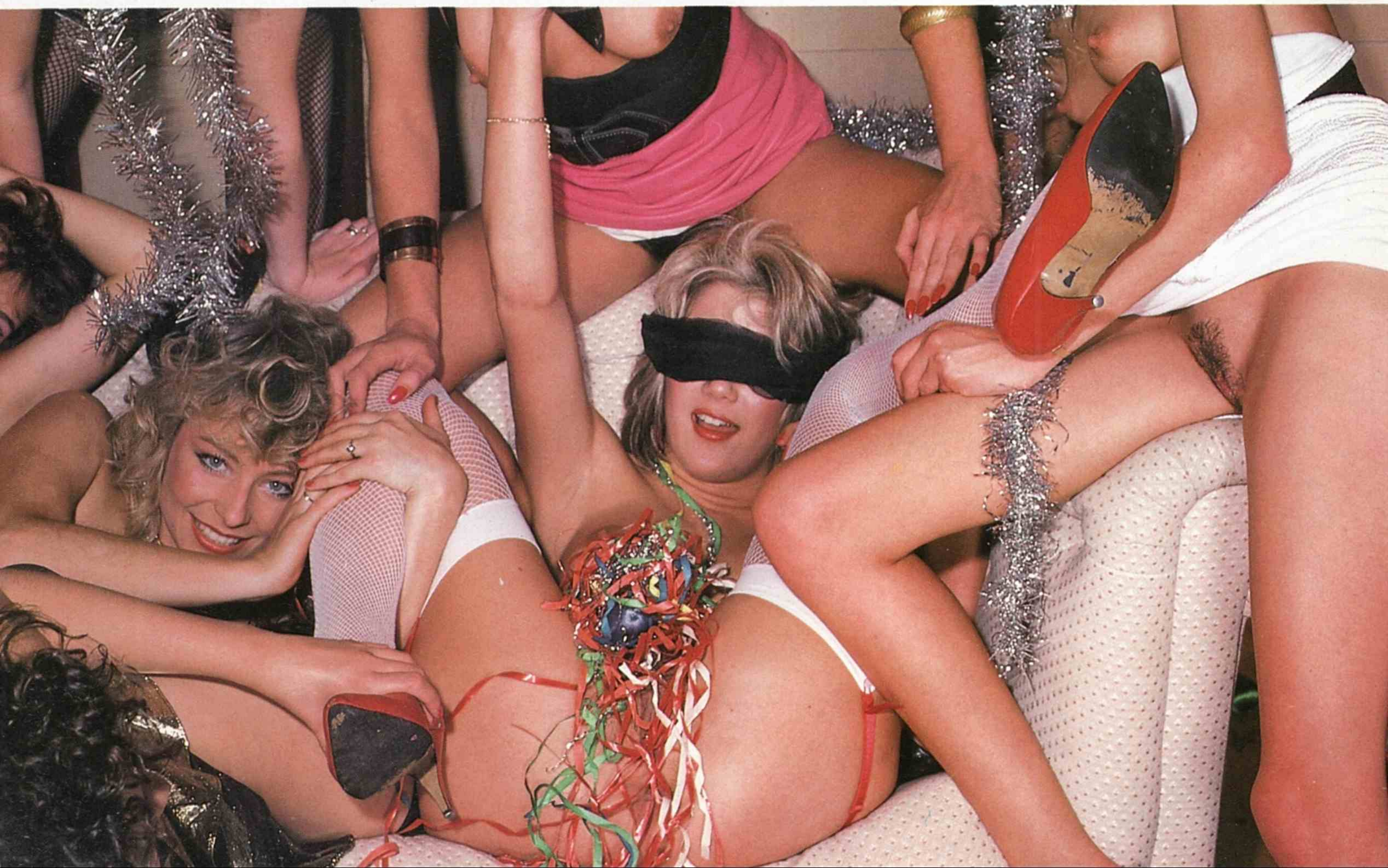
Galloping gonads! What the hell's going on here, you might ask? Well, we asked photographer Nick Gurgul to get a few girls together, do something seasonal, make it jolly, OK, Nick? So what does he do?

Assemble a mountain of female flesh, that's what. A writhing pyramid of bouncing boobs and bums, waving thighs and quivering quims, a total orgy of throbbing womanhood. And he puts some tinsel on them.

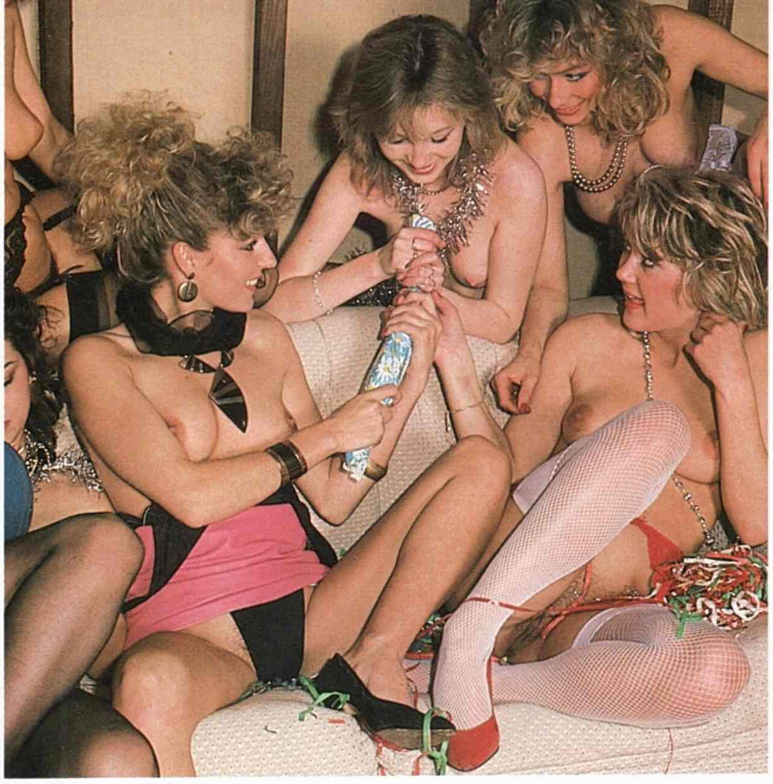
Apparently, there is some logic to this chaos. Nick fancied playing some party games, so he got a thimble, arranged a suitable hiding place and got the girls to get down to some serious searching. Trouble was, it didn't take long to find the bloody thing – at least not long enough to satisfy Gurgul's own perverted desires. So he just told the gals to start all over again – and they didn't argue. In fact, everyone seemed to want a turn.

HUNT THE THIMBLE

Imaginative chap, our Nick. After they'd done with Hunt The Thimble, and had another bottle of wine each, he went for Blind Woman (in the) Buff. Reckoned that as the girls were starting to have trouble seeing *without* a blindfold on, it might be a pretty fair contest. Still, they all had a turn with the black stocking round the peepers – and most thought it was a lot more fun identifying people by touch than sight. It was quite a fight for a stocking in the end . . .



BLIND WOMAN'S BUFF



Pass the Parcel next, thought our MC. Just happened to have a very suitable prize sitting in the bedside table, so he wrapped it up and let the girls try to get their hands on it. And the winner was... well, among all that flesh it was hard to tell. So they all had a go with it...

And the party went on all night. There's a lot more to tell, but we respect people's privacy round here. If we're feeling adventurous, we might just publish the rest of the pics next Christmas... ♣

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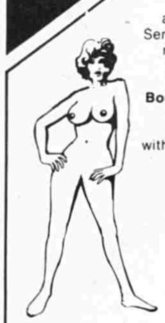

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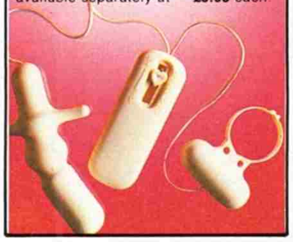

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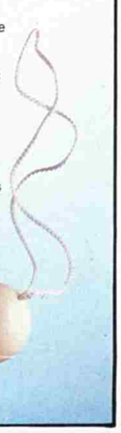

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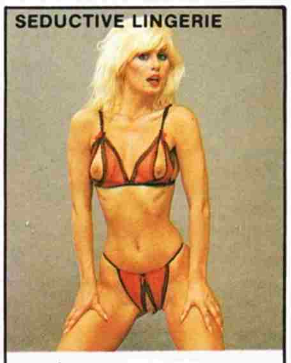

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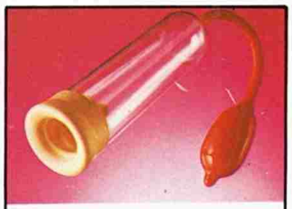

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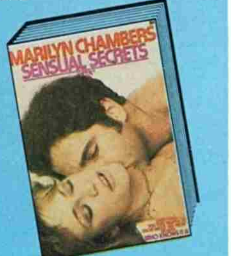

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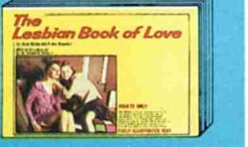

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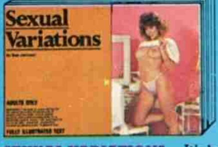

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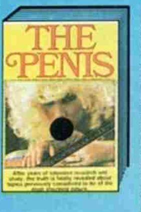

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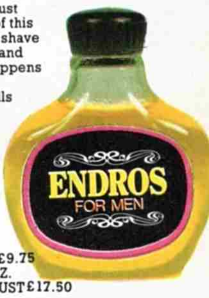

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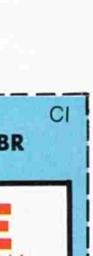

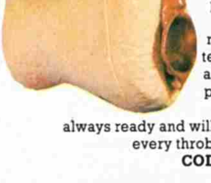

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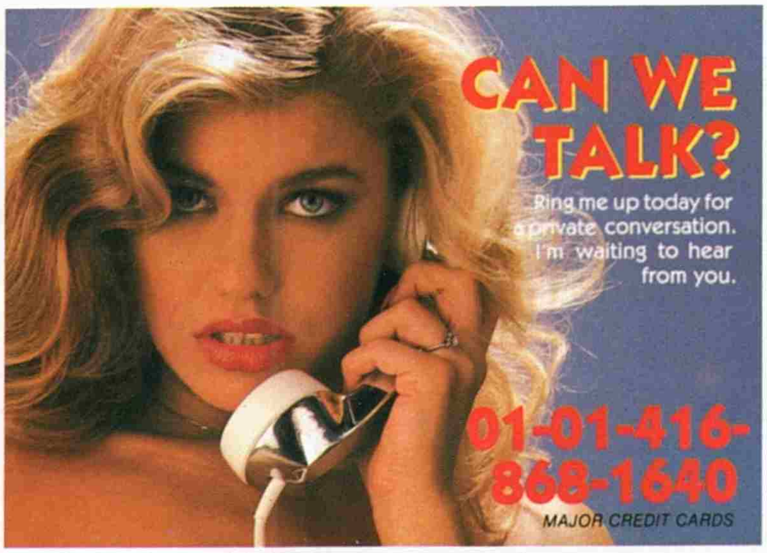
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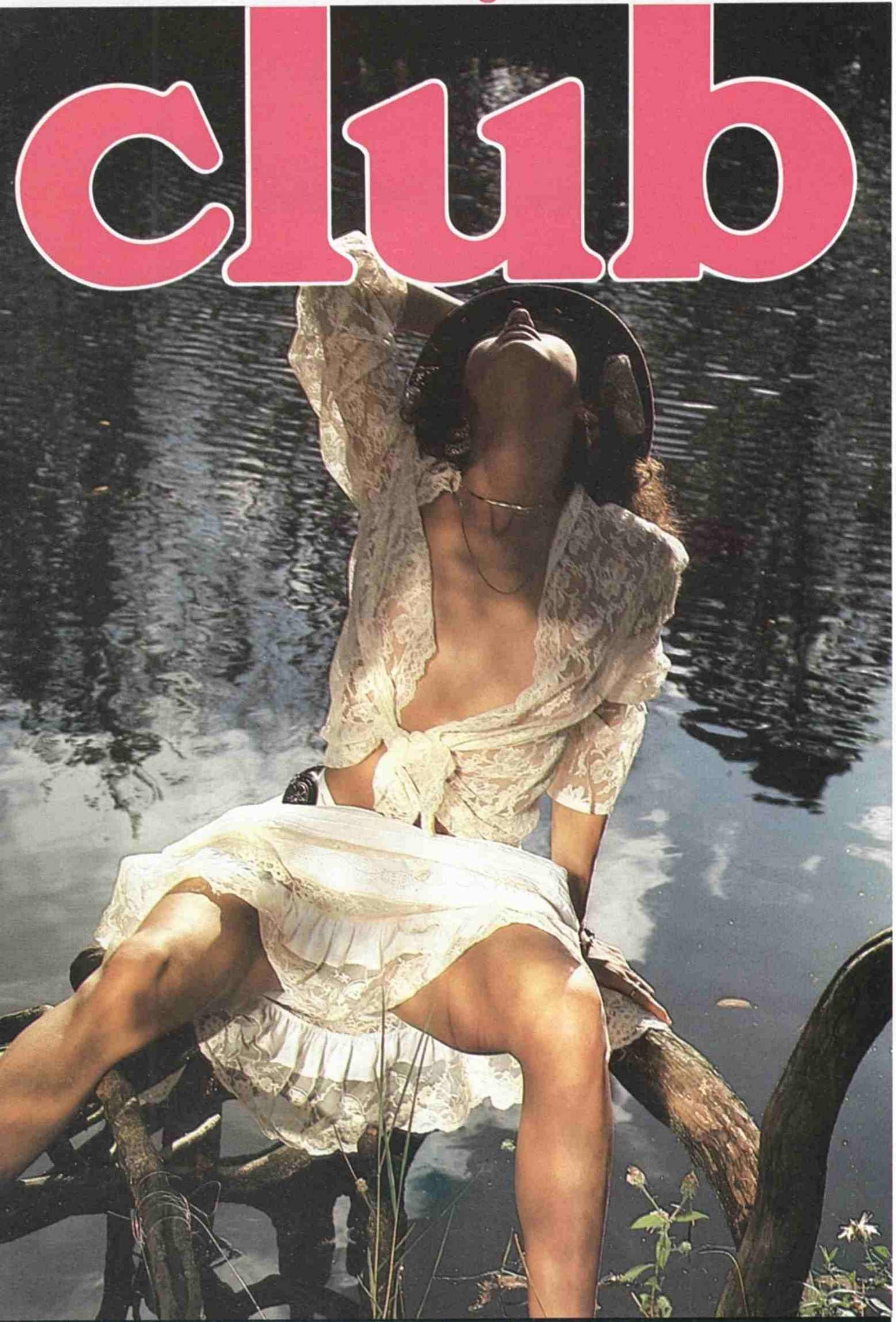

Okay, so this issue wasn't as non-Christmas as we would have liked, but we're going to make up for it: we categorically promise you that next month's book will be totally CHRISTMAS-FREE! The bloody word won't be mentioned anywhere! And, what's more, we plan to make at least the 10 issues following next month's entirely CHRISTMAS-FREE as well!

However, you could be forgiven for thinking it's Christmas all over again when you see next month's Club International. For example, we'll unwrap a never-seen-before set of LINZI DREW . . . and friend. Yep, you can see lovely Linzi in some stunning *two-girl* action.

And if you're one of the hundreds who have already written to Club's own NIKKI DOWNEY, look out for your letter next month – to satisfy demand, we're launching a regular Nikki letters page. If you haven't put pen to paper yet, get writing.

Also (what with being the New Year and all that), you can find out what the year ahead has in store for you. But a word of warning – there'll be no namby-pamby Russell Grant-type stuff here.

What we will have, though, is page after page after page of nubiles showing you their bits. The only drawback is that you'll need to wait until January 7th to see 'em. However, as that well-known Club subscriber Bill Shakespeare would say, how poor are they that have not patience. See ya. ♣

The Ice Man Cometh

continued from page 54

"Yeah, Britt Ekland," Outlaw said.

In a moment, Fast Dancer finished pitching his stones. "Let's do it," he said.

They trudged a few hundred yards to a small prehistoric encampment. The place was made up of skins supported by crude wooden poles forming nomadic dwellings for the area's inhabitants.

He'd always wanted to shag in the USSR

This was going to be a gang-bang. Fast Dancer and Outlaw each took their women. Outlaw had a big-boobed black beauty with a round, jutting, muscular arse who lay on her back with her legs spread wide, her lush, pink snatch practically begging for it.

Fast Dancer's lady was a creamy-boobed, milky-skinned Nordic blonde, who wasted no time squatting down to begin sucking his thick, black tool with whorish abandon. The two gods banged their wet and willing prehistoric pussy until the spunk shot deep inside their twats, then put their squeezed-dry pricks away and sat down to cool out.

"Another smoke?" Outlaw asked, shaking a Player at him. Fast Dancer took the last one in the box. Outlaw crumpled it and tossed it to the ground, where it was snatched up by members of the clan and paraded around like some sacred object dropped from the all-powerful heavens.

"What's the purpose to all this bullshit, I wonder?" Outlaw asked. "I mean, why the fuck do you think they'd go to all this trouble?"

Fast Dancer shrugged. "Don't know," he returned. "And I don't want to. Long as they keep me in hot snatch and give me that fine house, they got my services."

"Must be something heavy," Outlaw ventured.

"Yeah," agreed Fast Dancer, "of epic, maybe cosmic, proportions." It wasn't long before the control voice gave them their next destinations.

"Where you goin'?" Fast Dancer asked.

"Siberia," replied Outlaw.

"Hot as a bitch down there," Fast Dancer said.

"I'm going to Paris. Guess they figure to send a black man into the jungle, huh?"

Both laughed. Then the aura enveloped Fast Dancer and Outlaw was left alone on the windswept desert mesa. As soon as he finished his smoke, he saw the multi-coloured shimmering lights that shimmered around him whenever he was shuttled by the Zoids to another destination. Yeah, he thought. Always wanted to shag in the USSR.

When both men had disappeared, the inhabitants of the neolithic village came timidly out. They bowed reverently in the places the sex gods had occupied. Now they would slaughter an elk, and spill its sperm and its blood on the sanctified ground.

"Great shots, huh?" said Bloorg to Klaamax.

"Boffo," the Zoid said to his partner. "Gonna make us a zillion yortnix at the box office. Wow 'em from Sirius to Alpha Centauri."

"And you said it couldn't be done. 'Corpses,' you said. 'What the hell are we gonna do with a bunch of corpses and a fucked-up planet. It's shit real estate.' Isn't that what you told me, Bloorg?"

"Yeah, well, I guess that's why they call you the Porn King of the Galaxy, right?"

"Better believe it," Klaamax returned. "Now let's get that next scene shot. And don't pan to the mastodons – they get in the way of the fucking." ♣

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– our girls do the rest! It's fun to listen, fun to arrange and fun to do!

CALL ME!

I dare you to listen to the tape recorded message on

0898 100 480

(ADULTS)

I CONFESS AND TELL ALL!

JUST LISTEN

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NOW for WOW

LESBIAN

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DILLIS DIAL'O

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24 hours

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CALL ME NOW!!!

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AND JUST LISTEN

G·A·Y

INFORMATION DESK

LISTEN TO DUCKY DAVIS

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WHAT A LARF

CALL US!!

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JPS
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BRONCHITIS AND OTHER CHEST DISEASES
Health Departments' Chief Medical Officers